

The **ONE BIG UNION** *Monthly*



Too Many Organizations?

Sure—that's why we've been arguing for One Big Union all these years. One's enough. Any more is a nuisance.

We want to ask you fellow workers who do not as yet belong to the I.W.W., a question.

Laying aside all your organizational prejudices and alignments, just suppose that the American working class stood before you, asking you what it should do.

Would you counsel them to divide their forces? Would you urge them to build craft and separate industrial organizations that would lead to jurisdictional wars with each other? Would you tell them to let their own invincible power remain unborn for the lack of compact organization and advise them to content themselves with the hope that somebody might be elected to do for them a part of what they could do much better for themselves?

Or would you tell them: let's ALL organize together, making merely such subdivisions in our organization as circumstances make practical; let's rely on our own organized strength; let's undertake doing for ourselves what that power enables us to do in the way that we by majority rule decide to do it.

The American working class is standing before each one of you asking your measure of advice and example what it should do. Think it out clearly, with all honesty to yourself and futurity what advice and example you shall give them—and we are satisfied that you can adopt no other course of action than to join us in building a One Big Union of the Working Class.

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Finnish Labor Daily
\$4.25 per year; \$2.50 six months



ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY
\$1.50 per year; \$.80 six months

published by

**THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS
OF THE WORLD**
2422 N. Halsted Street
Chicago, Ill.

Entered as second class matter February 26, 1937, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Labor Movement in Mexico

By Card Number 372561

Ever since the CROM was replaced by the CTM as the predominant union movement in Mexico, there has been much bewilderment as to what is going on in the unions to the south of us, and in their relations with the Mexican government.

Now that President Cardenas has ordered the recognition of the CROM, and Morones has returned to Mexico, and railroad workers, electricians and communists have made a split in the CTM, the situation is probably the more bewildering.

For this reason we believe our readers will welcome this study by a member of the I.W.W. of the Mexican labor situation and its historial background.

On the eve of May Day, the big drive to bring Mexican labor under a centralized leadership met with a setback that seriously lessens the prospect for unity in the immediate future. At the fourth National Council of the CTM (Confederation of Mexican Workers) the delegates of the railroad workers and the electrical workers of the Federal District walked out together with representatives of the Mexican Communist party. This split, according to "Mexican Labor News," will possibly cost the CTM a full one-fourth of the nearly 600,000 members.

Unquestionably the loss to the Confederation is greater than is indicated by the number of workers involved in the split. The electricians, the railroad workers, and various state organizations which may also be involved, are organized in powerful unions which have supplied the CTM with much of its genuine, steadfast labor union character. It was the Electrical Workers Union that won a brilliant victory in an eight-day strike last July during which Mexico City, the Federal District, and five neighboring states were without lights and power.

Vicente Lombardo Toledano, General Secretary of the CTM, seems to blame the communists for most of the trouble, charging that they imposed their own party discipline on their members within the trade union movement. He condemned in the strongest terms the action of the party in precipitating a break in labor's ranks on the very eve of the First of May, the labor anniversary

which should have found the Mexican movement more united than ever.

On the other hand the seceding non-communists, no less than the party adherents, charge that the CTM is mismanaged by its leaders. They accuse Lombardo and his associates with attempting to set up a "bureaucratic, personalist control over the CTM to the exclusion of all those elements unwilling to submit themselves to such dictatorship." They claim the ruling clique overrides the wishes of the rank and file, that it has excluded bona fide delegates to the Council, and seeks generally by all possible means to use the organization for its own personal advantages. They are especially critical of the actions of Lombardo.

The conflict first came out in the open last February at the Third National Council in Vera Cruz when the electricians protested the seating of delegates from unions that were in arrears in the payment of dues. Claiming this was in violation of the by-laws they refused to participate in the deliberations but took no further action at that time. The immediate cause of the break in April was the refusal of the Council to seat the delegation from Nuevo Leon on the grounds that it had been improperly constituted. It is in the State of Nuevo Leon that the communists are charged by the Council with having applied their disruptive tactics. Hence when these delegates were unseated it was the signal for the communists to leave. However, it does not follow that the union delegates who joined in the walk-out

were necessarily lead out by the communists. As already indicated the unions had grievances of their own.

What is the CTM?

The Confederation of Mexican Workers or, giving it its native name, **Confederacion de Trabajadores de Mexico**, is a new federation of Mexican labor unions formed in 1935 and claiming now to embrace 90 percent of the country's organized labor. It is affiliated with the Amsterdam International, favors industrial rather than craft unions, declares itself 100 percent for the Spanish loyalists, and has sent fraternal greetings to John L. Lewis's CIO. It has proven itself more militant than its predecessor in action against the employers, it has promoted workers' education on a grand scale, having established the Workers University at Mexico City which enrolls over 500 students; it has demanded confiscation of private property for the workers in certain cases, and supports general revolutionary propositions in principle.

In short, the CTM is many things that its immediate predecessor as the dominant Mexican labor movement, the CROM (Confederacion Regional Obrera Mexicana), was not—especially in its later years. Yet for all that the new movement is, in a sense extremely important to labor, new only in name.

The CROM from the very first was enmeshed in politics. It was born in 1918 when the trade unionists joined hands with the Carranza government in opposition to the Mexican I.W.W. which, in the labor union convention of the preceding year, had been the leading organization. Under the leadership of Luis N. Morones the CROM continued as it started, the labor front of the government. Later, in 1920, the CROM was used to help make Obregon president of the republic. Morones used his position as the capitalist government's favorite labor lieutenant to entrench his organization at the expense of independent unions and, of course, to enrich himself.

Under Obregon he fared fairly well in spite of some double-crossing by the president who developed a fine technique in playing one labor group against another. Obregon evidently did not feel it necessary to divide the plunder with labor bosses. At that time the new statesmanship which requires government-labor co-operation for the sake of more peaceful and effective exploitation had not yet been fully worked out.

But in 1924 Calles, the "labor" president, was elected, naturally with the help of the CROM. This time Morones' reward was great indeed. He was given a position in the government, that of Minister of Commerce, Industry and Labor. Next

to the president he became the most powerful man in the government. His opportunities for cashing in on his labor racket were immensely increased and it is a matter of record that he did not fail to take advantage of the opportunities.

Skipping a few years, we come to 1932. Calles was no longer president but he was still the big boss in politics and Morones was still the big chief in the labor movement. These two combined forces to rule Mexico. They selected Cardenas for the presidency and put him into office in 1935. Then came the big surprise manœuvre which is supposed by some to have suddenly cleared the way for the industrial commonwealth in Mexico.

Calles and Morones Exiled

Early in April, 1936, the government exiled both Calles and Morones to the United States "in order to forestall fascism and save democracy for the workers." While Calles was grooming Cardenas for the presidency, the latter was building a few fences for himself and while labor leader Morones was helping Calles, a new star was rising on the horizon of the labor world. The new hope of the working class, Dr. Vicente Lombardo Toledado, managed so well that when the decisive moment arrived he was able to supplant Morones as the labor chief.

Thus out of the CROM grew the CTM. The CROM has not been completely obliterated; it still retains some union allegiance, notably in the textile industry.

Since personalities play such an important part in Mexican labor affairs, a few words about Toledado, the new head of the movement, may not be amiss.

"He came into the labor movement as a teacher and student of economics, history, sociology and law. And he came calling himself a Simon-pure Marxian. He is a slight, handsome, sad-eyed and sad-faced Creole, a typical Latin intellectual. He is, though closely seconded by Xavier Icasas of the Mexican Supreme Court, the outstanding intellectual of the Mexican labor movement." (Wm. E. Zeuch in Common Sense.)

From 1915 onward every aspirant for political office in Mexico has known that he must have organized labor backing to win. And labor in Mexico has learned to hope for its reward for support given to successful office seekers. This mixing of politics with unionism goes on now just as under other administrations. Carranza and Calles had their Morones and now Cardenas has his Toledano.

It is not intended to infer here that Toledano is a crook, as Morones certainly was and is, or that

Cardenas aspires to be a dictator. The point is that guided by politics and influenced by party policies, the splendid combative and socially creative powers of the Mexican workers are not allowed to develop.

Unions ought to be and must eventually be complete, independent, self-running institutions: they must learn to move along under their own direction as well as under their own power. The main course of development is not along that line in Mexico today. Instead of less government interference in union affairs there is more than formerly. President, governors, and courts are repeatedly called upon to intervene in disputes between workers and employers and to settle differences between unions. There is a Federal Board of Conciliation and a labor court; and there is a "standard collective contract" which is favored by the government as being just the thing to protect the interests of labor and to promote industrial peace. This contract is now in effect in several industries.

Law Regarding Strikes

When the Mexican worker wants to strike, he follows a course laid out for him by the government. Here are some of the rules established by law:

1. When workers make any demands of their employers that may lead to a strike they are required to present their demands in writing at least six days before the strike. In the event they are employed in a public utility they must give at least ten days' notice.

2. At least 51 percent of the workers employed must vote in favor of the demands in order that they may be legal; 51 percent of the workers attending the meeting at which the vote is taken may not be enough.

3. In presenting the demands a showing must be made that the demands are within reason, that they can be granted under existing conditions. A copy of the demands and arguments in favor of them must be presented to the government as well as to the employer. The government then refers the matter to a board of arbitration composed of three people, one representing the government, one representing the employer, and one representing labor. If this board fails to conciliate the parties to the dispute it issues a public statement with a declaration that the proposed strike is legal or illegal according to its findings.

4. Even when the strike is declared illegal the workers may go ahead with it. But in case it is decided that the grievances are fully justified and that the strike is a legal one the employer is required to pay wages to the workers while they are out.

Sympathetic strikes may be legal. Court injunctions in labor cases are prohibited by the constitution. But recently the government has banned teachers' strikes, the Minister of Education declaring that such strikes are a betrayal of the teachers' obligation to the children of the working class. Postal workers have also been denied the right to strike but President Cardenas has promised them a wage increase beginning January, 1938. The official announcement in the case of the postal workers states that no federal employees are allowed to strike under the law.

Undoubtedly the Mexican labor laws are more advanced than those of any other country, except Russia. But whether this state of "advancement" will ultimately be beneficial to the workers may certainly be questioned. Capitalism the world over is busy devising new schemes to keep the working class under control and there is nothing in the Mexican model that seriously threatens the position of the employers. Like the Roosevelt legislation in the United States, it makes a great show of being fair to labor, but this is sound diplomacy and not a retreat on the part of labor's enemy. There is no point in using force against workers when they can be fooled by soft words.

Compared to the United States the Mexican labor policy appears to be extremely radical. This, however, is due largely to the conflict between native and foreign capital in the country. The Mexican ruling class is not adverse from exposing the foreign exploiters to the wrath of the dispossessed wage slave and peasant. Meanwhile there is no great harm to the ruling class and no great gain to the workers in taking off the ban from socialist and revolutionary talk. It is even an advantage to the capitalists to have the government use the language of rebellious workers. One talks gently to the restless horse that is to be harnessed for a hard day's work.

In justice to the leaders of the CTM it should be stated that they are aware of the weak spot in the movement, even though they do nothing about it. Mexican Labor News which expresses the official CTM view states in this connection:

"There appears to be good reason for supposing that a large part of the present difficulties are at least indirectly due to manoeuvres and intrigues fomented by certain members of the government attempting to use sections of the trade union movement for their own political purposes . . ."

In another statement of the CTM it is declared:

"We will co-operate with the government in every respect so long as the government responds to the social needs of the workers. When the government ceases to respond to our needs we resume the right to be for the revolution."

On Reformer Boulevard, one of the principle thoroughfares in Mexico City, an arch bears this inscription: TO THE REVOLUTION OF YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Again it must be said that all of this means little more than momentary inspiration as long as the workers are wage slaves, pitifully paid and living in the utmost squalor.

As in other countries the hope of the Mexican workers lies in a rank and file movement such as was started there 25 years ago. This movement was shattered but the elements of which it was composed are still present, active and powerful throughout that stratum of the population in which is generated the force of the social revolution, that is, in the working class.

The I.W.W. in Mexico

Back before 1910 there wasn't much of a labor movement in the country. Practically everybody that had any liberal, to say nothing of radical, ideas kept them strictly to himself. There were a few exceptions, among them Librado Rivera and Ricardo Flores Magon, who ventured to tell the workers the whole truth about the dictator, Porfiro Diaz, and about capitalists and governments. Their agitation bore fruit and the revolt started. But seeing an opportunity to aggrandize himself, Madero, a man with plenty of money, capitalized on the propaganda of the radicals and on the poverty of the people and made himself leader of the movement. Diaz was overthrown and the "liberator" put in his place.

At this time there were thousands of Mexicans living on the American side of the border who were either I.W.W. members or strongly influenced by its teachings. In Phoenix, Arizona, alone there were at that time over 500 Mexican I.W.W. members. When the revolution broke out these workers moved back across the border almost in a body to take part in the great event in their home land.

One group of Mexicans living in Texas armed themselves and under the leadership of Captain Cline started their march to the border. They were stopped on the way by Texas officers whom the marchers promptly took prisoners. There was nobody hurt and when the officers promised not to molest the men they let them go. But later a reinforced gang of deputies attacked the Mexicans again. This time there were dead on both sides. Rangle, Cline and several others served

many years in Texas prisons as a result of this affair.

In 1911 there was another invasion of Mexico by I.W.W. members. This was in lower California where on January 29 an I.W.W. "army" under the leadership of Wm. Stanley took Mexicali. In the engagement Stanley was killed and General Pryce elected in his place. Another successful engagement was fought at Lee Little's ranch on April 8, but the battle of Tia Juana did not turn out so well and soon thereafter the rebels retreated across the American border.

But by 1911 the character of the struggle had changed. After Diaz had been disposed of, Madero turned against the principles and ideals that had inspired the workers who did the fighting. In February of that year, Magon denounced Madero in his paper *Regeneracion* as a traitor to the revolution and added some good anarchist philosophy to the effect that "there is not and cannot be a good government."

The revolt against Madero was not successful, but the labor movement had at least some chance to grow and express itself. In July, 1912, there was organized the Mexican I.W.W. under the name Casa del Obrero Mundial, the House of the Workers of the World. By 1917 this organization together with other syndicalist movements adhering to it constituted the leading force in the Mexican movement. How it was defeated in 1918 by the reactionary union leaders in co-operation with the Carranza government has already been noted in this article.

What the next move in the Mexican situation will be is hard to predict. It may be taken for granted that if the workers refuse to remain sufficiently docile and if they refuse to restrict their more drastic efforts to attacking those employers who don't happen to suit the government too well, this same government, now so friendly to labor, will find ways and means to restrict its further growth. At least it will try to do that.

It may even be that the current split has been occasioned by fear that the CTM is getting too big. It is worth noting in this connection that the arch labor traitor, Luis N. Morones, has come back out of exile and is now in Mexico. It is also worth noting that in the recent dispute between unions in the textile industry the president did not decide in favor of the CTM.

Whatever may be the immediate outcome, the future belongs to the workers—when they have learned to organize the I.W.W. way.

ESCAPE!

By a Convict

"A jail is a poor man's home," said Gene Debs, and he said a mouthful. Here is a story of the hopes of escape from one such "poor man's home," where thousands of the working class are locked up for the folly of trying to get back the world that has been stolen from them in individual pieces, instead of taking it all at once.

Cruel as the world outside may be, the dominant idea of men in prison is to get out. It's better to be hungry and not have a guard looking down one's back than to be full of beans in the big house. If one doesn't have hopes that some pull will be exercised on a parole board, or some assurance of a tolerably short section of one's indeterminate sentence, the saving thought that stops him from going nuts is the notion that he may escape.

Since those in charge of the prisons are well aware of this there isn't much chance left for it to be accomplished. But the fact that there have been escapes from even such fortresses as San Quentin makes hope persist.

How? Successful escapes usually do not leave any record behind them of how it was done. San Quentin is on a peninsula with a narrow causeway connecting it to the mainland, and that's too well guarded. On the one side are the mud-flats where those who have got past the many walls have floundered around until they were either sucked to their death or captured. On the other sides too far a stretch of water to swim. One fellow, who got past the walls tried swimming and holding on to the ferry going to Richmond, but he was caught and then died of pneumonia. A convict crew longshoring on a barge of supplies for the prison once commandeered the tug that brought the barge in—but airplanes were circling them long before they could get anywhere with it.

In the nature of things, it's only of the escapes that do not succeed that much of the ins and outs are known. There are so many cases of those who almost made it.

There was the Swede who worked in the tailor shop. As prison jobs go it wasn't a bad job, and

there was always the chance of getting a little extra "weed" (Bull Durham) for some little extra service on the convict garb of some fellow who wanted to be well-dressed even in stir, or on making a "going out" suit so that every policeman in the land wouldn't recognize the wearer as one just released from the big house. There was work to be done for the warden who lived in a fine house just a bit outside the furthest wall. The civilian suit that the Swede had to take out with him fitted him pretty well. He had secured a cap to put in his pocket, and somehow had got hold of some dark grease paint such as an actor would use to convert himself into a Mexican or Spaniard. On the way out past the visitors' room, he managed to slip into a toilet placed there for their convenience, put on the clothes and the grease paint. He had a few dollars (which was also contraband) and stepped out to the bus stop. He had to wait awhile, and the guard it seemed kept watching him though evidently seeing nothing out of the way. It was warm, and he got nervous pacing back and forth waiting for the bus. He began to sweat, and took out his handkerchief to wipe his face. So one side was dark and the other was light wherever his handkerchief had touched it. That something was wrong was evident even to one with the I.Q. of a prison guard—and so that was that.

And then there was the fellow who worked in the library. When books needed rebinding, they were shipped in large boxes to the Public Library in San Francisco. He managed to get himself crated in with the books. It was a strenuous trip to San Francisco, sometimes head up, sometimes feet up. He survived—but when they opened the box, his muscles were too cramped to move. And so that was that.

About the only successful get-away where much is known of how it was done was the beautiful lam of Simple Simon. He faced life, and it was too much for him. His nerves broke, and he went screwy. That happens quite often in the Big House, and one of the most dismal sights in San Quentin is "Crazy Alley," a fenced off court between two old jail buildings, where the sun seldom hits, and where those who have gone simple minded are locked up with those who have gone insane, as though to make sure that their nervous disorders get worse. That's where they put Simple Simon. He got worse and worse, singing and howling despite all the punishment that could be inflicted on the poor fellow. There is a law against using the old strait-jacket in the State Penitentiary ever since the exposure of the horrible days of old in San Quentin that Jack London made in his "Star Rover." Ex-convicts went around the State with the Oregon Boot to show it to people, lecturing on the punishments inflicted and so the law was passed. So the extremely insane are sent to the state asylum further up the line at Napa, where of course strait-jackets are permitted.

Simple Simon was to go to Napa. A guard was going on his vacation past Napa up to the beautiful red wood forests. So the guard wore civilian clothes—for who could have a good time among decent folk if it was known that he was a prison guard?—and carried a gun and a star, commitment papers for Simple Simon, handcuffs, a valise, his two weeks' vacation pay, and what else he had taken along for his fling, and got in the train with Simple Simon who was also dressed in civilian clothes. It was a hot summer afternoon. The guard dozed. Simple Simon got the key to his handcuffs, unlocked them, got the gun, the star, the commitment papers, the money. It wasn't so hard—picking pockets had been one of his trades before. There were other passengers in the train, but they hadn't noticed.

The train gave a lurch and the guard woke up. Simple Simon pressed the gun on him. The guard let out a howl:

"This man is a convict and a lunatic! He's taken my gun! Look out!"

The astonished passengers looked around, not certain which way to move. Simple Simon put them at ease, telling them in the most re-assuring tones:

"Don't be alarmed, folks. I didn't like to keep handcuffs on this fellow unless I needed them, for sometimes he's all right, and then sometimes he goes berserk."

He handcuffed the guard whose continuous howling was enough to convince anyone that he was dangerously insane, while Simple Simon politely expressed his deep regrets for annoying his fellow passengers.

At Napa they got off, and Simple Simon took the guard to the asylum. Again the guard protested with all the vigor in him. Again Simple Simon was calm and collected. The doctor in charge of the receiving office took it all with a serious countenance and informed the guard, that it was quite right for him to be the other fellow, that he'd meet Caesar and Napoleon and General Lee in there anyway.

Nothing since has been heard of Simple Simon, where he went or what he is doing—so he remains a sort of legend around San Quentin, filling lifers' souls with hope, evidence to them that after all it can be done, and probably saving a good many of them from nervous breakdowns and a trip to Napa.

The guard didn't get his vacation in the redwoods. He spent it in Napa instead. The commitment papers were properly signed and mailed back to the Warden's office, and there was no occasion to look into the matter until the guard failed to show up at the end of his holidays. The asylum at Napa was called for any chance information they might have of where he went. "Oh yes," the Warden was informed, "there's a fellow here he insists that he's him—you can talk to him if you want to."



A Traveler Makes Camp

This isn't a story. It's a very matter of fact account of a typical day in the Clearwater section of Idaho for a traveling delegate of Lumber Workers Industrial Union No. 120 of the I.W.W.—a man whose job it is to make contact with workers in these camps and carry on the work of building a union in the lumber industry despite the blackball and intimidation of the sawdust kings.

Remember, his success requires your co-operation.

A traveling delegate walked up the flume to the big camp on the hill. He stopped at the rag barn to rest his weary carcass before proceeding to the bunk house.

It was quitting time and the crew were just coming in from the woods. The delegate had worked in this camp the summer before, up until the strike. So he was naturally interested in seeing who was on the job, especially since C. L. Billings, and Fellow Worker Bradbury, two fascist-minded

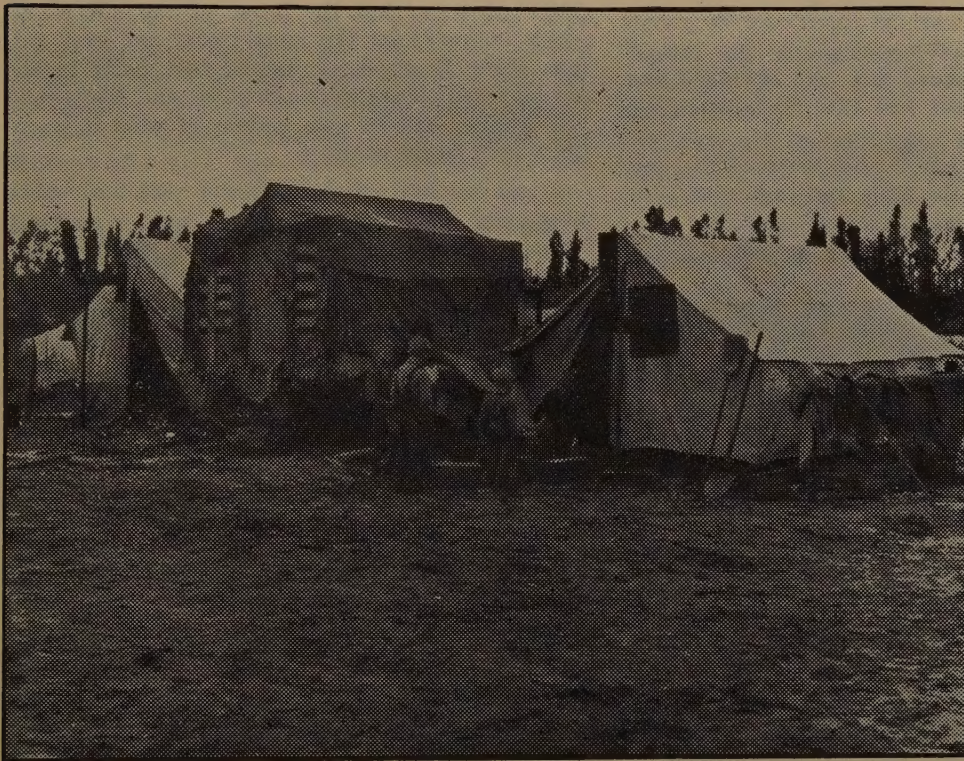
officials of Potlach Forests, Inc., had inaugurated the blackball system through a clearing house in Orofino.

Down the trail toward the barn came a heavy pair of horses. The traveler knew them well—old Rock and Baldy. Behind them came something dressed in the clothes of a man, but a second look revealed that he looked more like a cross between a rat and a weasel. When this weasel-faced ape saw the traveling delegate sitting on the stump,

he wheeled for the barn on double quick, forgetting in his haste to take the bits out of old Rock's mouth so that he could get a drink of water.

But the traveler went over and removed the bits so that the horse could drink. Old Rock turned around with as much of a look of scorn as he had in him at the retreating figure, and winked at the traveler as though to say: "You son of a gun, so you're here again."

The next pair of horses to make the trough were Jim and Dan.



This is a sample of the camp conditions that will disappear as lumber workers organize in the I. W. W.

The Traveler knew them too. Behind them was a rather good looking young fellow, though the traveler, long in this part of the country, could easily enough tell that he was a stranger to the forests of Idaho and among the men who make their livelihood in these forests. He had come from the Dakota prairies. Most of his life so far had been spent around barns and cows and calves. Only lately had he joined the caulked shoe brigade. He was out to make a big stake this summer, then go back to Pumpkin Center, marry Susan, and be damned to the "big fellow" who had bawled him out the day before for dropping a log off of the skidway on to the running chute where the "big fellow" was rolling in. He didn't have much use for that big fellow anyway, for he was always talking about Industrial Unionism, and the 1936 strike, and finks, and men who would not organize but who were willing to take advantage of the conditions and wages that someone else had got for them. That sort of talk made the fellow from Dakota feel uncomfortable—for he did have a bit of conscience, and it hurt, for he knew right well he wasn't doing the right thing by remaining unorganized.

* * *

The traveler arose from the stump and started up the trail. On the way he met several stuttering and sputtering caterpillars with their crews. As he passed the office out came the "push."

"What business have you got in my camp?" asked the hoary headed old son of the forest. The traveler informed him that his mission was most peaceable, to fix up those of his crew who wanted to join the I.W.W. for more of the good things of life with the little red card that every self-respecting workingman ought to carry.

The "push" let out a bellow or two like those

of an angry bull. In one breath he expressed the wish that all the I.W.W.'s were in a place a lot hotter than it ever gets in Idaho. In the next he was lamenting that the Wobblies at least knew how to trim these Idaho peaks of the virgin white pine, and he'd be damned if he wasn't getting tired of that sorting gap in Orofino, and consequently having to get out timber with this green, raw labor.

* * *

The traveler stayed overnight in camp. He had business there all right. There were lumberjacks whom he knew, and whom everyone there knew to be Wobblies, who wanted their cards stamped up, who wanted to kick in with a bit extra to keep the ball rolling, and who had meanwhile convinced others that it was time to stick together in One Big Union to get better camps, better chuck, better wages, better hours.

There were some who wanted union cards and were a bit hesitant about showing their hand—and the traveler obliged them too. There were men hungry for something fit for a self-respecting worker to read, a pamphlet to think about, a magazine or paper that was more concerned with the troubles workers have making ends meet than with the troubles of Edward and Wally.

Yes, clearing house or no clearing house, the Lumber Workers Industrial Union, the reliable old "120" that had left the brand of the I.W.W. on every improvement the lumberjacks had ever got, was going to grow. It showed that early in the spring when things were not going full blast—and the traveler had his own notions of what it would show later in the summer.

* * *

Next morning he started down the trail for the end of the steel. He had worked in these woods

for thirty-five years, so he took stock of his surroundings and the methods used to get out the timber. It was easy for him to tell whether efficient methods and skilled labor were being used or not. And it was plain to him that in this Clearwater country where the sawdust barons are destroying the last stand of virgin white pine in these United States, they are using neither efficient methods nor efficient labor—and he knew well enough what the explanation was—companies will use all means at their disposal to freeze out such organized labor as shook the teeth of the Weyerhaeuser



A "wannagan" such as is used on the spring log drive in Idaho.—Note conditions under which cook performs.

timber trust there last summer. As a man who had long taken pride in his savvy how, it was a bit depressing to see millions of feet of the finest white pine that ever laid out doors being destroyed by inefficient slack methods of logging. He knew the story well enough. Machinery unnecessarily broken up every day. It wasn't that he was sorry for the machines — but it meant horses and man power crippled.

Down in Orofino every bed in the hospital has a lumber worker in it from this Clearwater country. No need for that. When there is a union control on these jobs there will be more empty beds in the company hospital. Men have been induced to come from other industries and other parts of the country to help discourage organization and produce more profits for the Weyerhaeusers. But without the men who savvy how, the sawdust kings find they produce cripples and not the profits they wanted. And as fast as the men learn how, they seem to learn something else—that organization can make the lot of the lumberjack something that stacks up against the hazards of his strenuous employment.

* * *

It's a beautiful country this Idaho, thought the traveler as he went along getting the smell of the bunk-house out of his nostrils and filling them with the aroma of the pine. An infinite variety of greens and gold wove as fine a picture before him

as the eye of man has seen. Should such a country remain the prey of parasites? Should men needlessly get killed converting this fine stand of



These men are the sort who know how to get out the white pine—but in an effort to keep the Idaho camps non-union, company hospitals are filled with inexperienced men crippled in the company's greed for profits and desire for no union on the job.

timber to the needs of man? Should some two-by-four would-be Hitlers attempt to tell these loggers whether they could have a union of their own?

He thought of what some of the men had told him around the bunk houses last night. He thought of his fellow workers that would sooner or later be in here logging despite hell, high water, and the office in Orofino, and he thought of "Old Country Mike" and Al Gentry lying on two white cots, victims of the company gun thug's dum-dum bullets in the strike last summer, their bodies broken, but the light of genuine revolutionary industrial unionism shining in their eyes. You might as well try to root up these mountains as root up the I.W.W. he figured as he went his way with the confidence that is known only to a man who knows what he's about and knows that it's well worth while.—X242667.



“No One Shall Go Hungry”

By
PAUL KOLINSKI



You see them at the edge of town flagging a ride or dangling their legs from a box car—the rising generation of America. In this travelog of a hitch-hiker you read the typical experience of these millions for whom capitalism offers no job. It's no lark even for adventurous youth, and the author writes: "Knowing that the I.W.W. is a working stiff's organization, I submit this article in the hopes that some youth living in a poverty-stricken home may heed and stay off the road."

This is a story of seeing America the American way—a journey of three thousand miles across ten states on a sum of two dollars. It took twenty-seven days, hitch-hiking, riding freight trains—and walking—with a piece of canvas the size of a blanket, tooth brush and a shaving kit.

The journey began one wet morning in San Francisco. To save car fare I walked seven miles to the city limits. I soon got my first ride, about thirty miles. It was raining when I got out, so I wasn't able to hitch another ride very soon. My day's thumb wagging ended about a hundred and fifty miles from San Francisco. It was still raining so I had to get a room for the night. That cost fifty cents. For dinner I spent a quarter. That left a dollar and a quarter of the two dollars I had set out with.

The following day was clear, and after several short rides, I got a ride with a truck into Bakersfield. That ended the day. I had seen a number of auto accidents these two days. The first was between a passenger car and a truck. The second was an overturned truck in a very deep ditch at a cross road. There was another truck that had skidded off the road deeply imbedded sideways in a mud bank. I asked the driver who took me into Bakersfield why there were so many truck accidents. He explained that trucks were wheeled as much as eighteen hours a day, that sometimes he didn't see a bed for a week at a time, snoozing a bit while he was waiting for some pick-up or delivery; that if drivers kicked about such conditions they were likely to be fired, but that union-

ization was going ahead and would end such conditions, and do away with many an accident.

My expenses for that day finished my funds. In the morning I caught a single ride all the way to Los Angeles.

The police of Los Angeles are a curious sort. They devote an amazing amount of their time to the search of hungry and indigent wayfarers. Once they find one, he is so cordially invited to partake of the city's hospitality for two days in jail that he cannot refuse, and then he is told to get out of the city. As I didn't want to get acquainted with these guardians of the hoboes, I started at once to walk out of town of my own free will. I was hungry, and went to a restaurant and asked the owner if he had any work I could do for a meal. He didn't have any work, but he gave me a meal. (It may be that his generosity was inspired by the fact that several customers were eating.)

I devoted the following three days to a diligent search for work, eating very little and sleeping in an abandoned house. Giving up the quest for work, I started south in search of it. A meal and twenty-five cents in cash earned washing some windows gave me an encouraging start. A day's thumb wagging landed me in Indio, a desert town about a hundred miles from Los Angeles. I put in a comfortable night in a refrigerator car, and got a loaf of bread and some lunch meat for sweeping the walk in front of a store.

For several hours, and without success, I tried to catch a ride. So a freight train pulling out of Indio had one more uninvited passenger in an empty box car. In the car I became acquainted with several others. One boy, about sixteen years old, told us that he had spent the last two days in Indio jail. He had got in Indio after two days' hitch-hiking across the desert with nothing to eat. In Indio he asked a lady for something to eat. The lady called the police, so he got bread and water for two days. Before we got to Yuma, Arizona, we had finished the bread and meat.

The train leaving Yuma had an increased passenger list with some fifty riding. There were no empty box-cars, so we rode in cattle cars. The boy who had been in jail had managed to get a head of lettuce and a grapefruit, which he offered to share with me.

There was a Mexican boy about twelve years of age with us. He wanted to know how long it would be before we got to El Paso, Texas. When we told him about thirty-six hours, he smiled. He had had nothing to eat for three days, and El Paso was only sixteen miles from his home.

The night turned cold, but my piece of canvas kept me fairly warm. The others paced the car

all night long. Before daylight we were in Tucson, and a grass fire kept us warm until the sun came up. Then everyone scattered for food. A little restaurant by the railroad yards got my quarter for breakfast.

Out of Tucson we rode a bit more comfortably in an empty box car. In the same car rode a family of three, the mother, about thirty, and quite hefty, nursed a four months old baby while the hoboes looked on.

In El Paso I went to the jungles to wash and shave. The gossip there was that it was pretty hard to catch a train out because of police interference. Two boys had been shot by railroad bulls, and plenty of help was needed on a newly started pea farm; the state was to be made the most beautiful in the union by train riders visiting Texas.

Someone informed us that all trains stopped at a town twenty-nine miles east, and many decided to hike there. Foraging several breakfasts, I started hiking there, too. Thumb-wagging was useless for about twenty were already parked on the outskirts of town. Every mile I walked found a few more resting alongside the highway. Night came without a ride and nothing to eat.

As I walked into town a group of people told me that they had just been ordered to get out. "We had a fire going alongside the railroad tracks to keep us warm," said a woman, "and for that the cops chased us out." I walked six more miles to the next town and got a box-car to sleep in. So ended another day with me still hungry after thirty-five miles of hiking.

In the morning I tried to get something to eat from the stores but didn't succeed. Then I got a bit of breakfast from the people living in a small unpainted shack. It had but two rooms. One contained two full-sized beds. The other had a full-sized bed, a stove, and a dining table. The place was filthy and the bedding ragged. Seven grown people lived in the hovel. This was a small town surrounded by desert, and the most valuable possessions of this family seemed to be a skinny cow and two automobiles of questionable age.

I got tired of waiting for a train to stop for they seldom stopped at this small town, and again tried the highway. Luck—a well-loaded topless car stopped. Between baggage, a young boy, several dogs, and three grown-ups, I found a precarious seat. The grandmother told me their story. The family consisted of seven grown-ups and six children. The rest of the family was in another car with more baggage. "The oldest child is eight years old, and I am sixty-eight," she said. "Grandfather is seventy-four. We couldn't make a living picking

cotton in Arizona, so we are going back to Oklahoma. We have gas for about a hundred miles, but we haven't eaten anything yet today. We were told that there was plenty of work picking cotton, but work was scarce and grandfather and I could earn only about ninety cents a day." Local officials refused them aid, and they were begging their way back.

On the outskirts of a town a freight was standing, so I left these people who didn't mind adding me to their troubles. But the train was going the wrong way, so I hit the highway again. Six days of traveling brought me to Fort Worth, Texas. I had a ride with a blind man and his wife who were begging their living. (Those who are up against it always seem the biggest hearted.) Another ride was with the truck driver for an oil company; he was paid a dollar a day and expenses for unlimited working hours. I earned a half dollar and a meal for cleaning a chicken house. It was eleven days since I had slept in a bed, so with my fifty cents I became extravagant. A mission-run hotel had beds for twenty-five cents. My shoes were worn out, and I asked the clerk if he had any old ones. He had an almost new pair of army shoes that he let me have for my remaining two bits. So I was broke again.

In the morning I had an early ride with an oil worker. He bought me breakfast and lunch, and took me as far as Oklahoma City. By evening several short rides got me some fifty miles nearer to Tulsa. The night began cold, and there were no box cars to sleep in. A friendly Marshall let me sleep in the town jail. It was a stone building about six by ten with an iron cot and a pot bellied stove. I kept a wood fire going all night and slept very warm. In the morning an owner of an oil drilling outfit picked me up. He gave me a lecture on the oil industry and sit-down strikes.

"The workers in these oil fields don't have to organize for better wages," he assured me. "We pay them the highest wages given to skilled workers . . . These sit-down strikes are illegal and un-American . . . The strikers have confiscated the factories. The next thing they do will be to take everything you have . . . Do you want somebody to take everything you have worked for? . . . Do you want a dictatorship? . . . In America everyone has a chance to get to the top . . . Don't you want your children to have a chance?" etc.

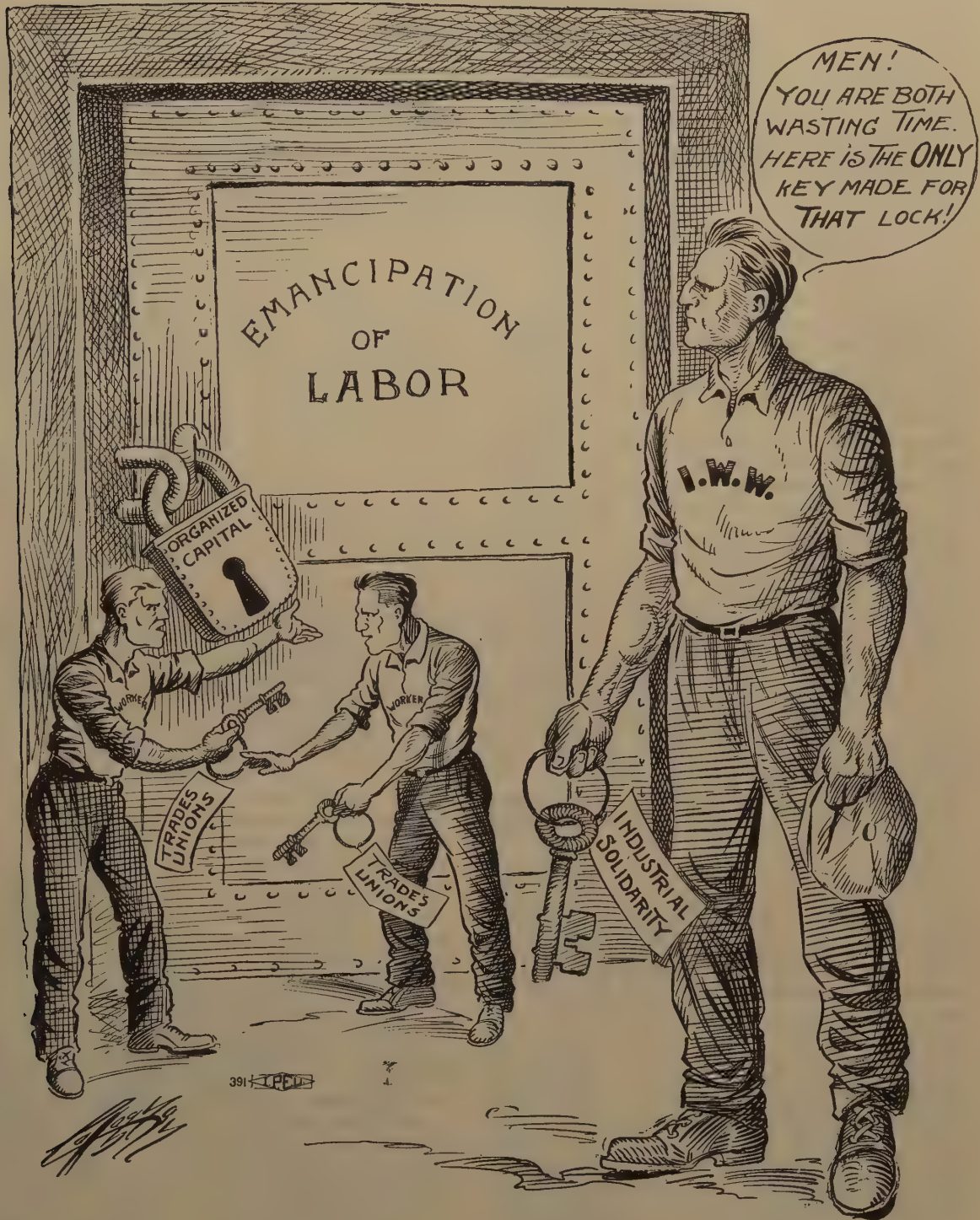
It amused me to listen. I wondered what I had to lose. What chance had I to make a decent living? I recalled the ride with the oil company

driver, and conversations with laborers in the oil fields of Texas who were paid forty to fifty cents an hour. The homes of these workers were not even painted, and I didn't see any of them drive \$2000 cars. The ride ended in Tulsa.

That day I had ridden sixty miles and walked twelve. I was cold and asked a policeman if they had a place I could sleep. They did. It was a basement floor of concrete. Two boys came in, sixteen or seventeen years old, unwashed and hungry. They asked how I am making out. They are headed for California and were having a hard time of it. They had taken bread from in front of stores in the early morning hours, and milk off porches. At two in the morning a policeman came in and said a dishwasher was wanted up the street. I worked about an hour and then the cook said "That's all." He gave me a meal for my labor, and I went back to the jail basement until morning.

From Tulsa to Saint Louis I put in seven days across a poverty-stricken country of farms and lead and zinc mining districts. The army shoes were too heavy, and I got blisters on my feet; but the weather was too cold for me to stand still, and rides were far between. When I asked for something to eat I got little except complaints about their own poverty. Between St. Louis and Indianapolis I was more fortunate; it took only two days. I was tired, and seeing several men standing in front of the Salvation Army Citadel, I asked if the beds there were free. They told me I had to go through the transient bureau. As they were giving me directions about the procedure for obtaining a bed one fellow listening said he had a room paid for that he wasn't going to use, and that I could have it.

Next morning was cloudy, and it sprinkled as I left Indianapolis. A ride in rumble seat almost froze me. At a likeable restaurant I asked for a cup of coffee, and a young girl told me to go to the city community house. I wasn't interested in that suggestion and went on my way. Another ride got me to Fort Wayne by two o'clock. Toledo is my destination—could I get there today was the thing uppermost in my mind. A ride at fifty miles per, and I'm in Findley, Ohio. It's five o'clock and forty-five miles to go. I walk to the edge of town flagging cars, and wondering whether it will be a through ride to Toledo or just a short one that prevents me from making home that night. A car stops. "Are you going to Toledo, Mister?" I ask. "Yes," he says. So after three thousand miles of traveling in all kinds of weather the trip ends.



Current Lessons from the Experience of Labor

The record shows that unions cannot be turned into the forward road by changing officials; that old line unions make old line leaders of progressives put in office.

By
Card No.
X-22063

Reaction in these unions is embedded so deeply in constitution and traditional procedure, and the perpetuation of their policies is so enforced by their general relations to society and their current business as going concerns, that an aggressive labor movement can be built neither by boring from within these unions, or re-aligning them in new federations, but only by a clean start from such a foundation as that of the I. W. W.

If unionists looked more to the past to avoid repeating the errors in the trial and error method by which labor progresses, the future would look and be much better. It is only by memory of some type that any new capacity is acquired. That labor does remember something, and does eliminate some of the blind alleys up which it has gone before, is shown by the fact that we don't find the boycott mania, the colonizing panacea, the change-the-currency cure-alls enjoying the vogue they once did. Even in our own times the bitter lesson that we can't usher in a new social order by clipping coupons or by labor banking has been learned so that even should some return of prosperity be coming, we cannot expect our fellow workers to fall for that bait.

Bait for which our misguided fellow workers do repeatedly fall is the notion that "electing good men to office" in the unions that have failed them, will make these unions the aggressive and progressive institutions that they desire. Yet that this notion does not work out is one of the most conspicuous lessons to be found in the history of labor.

There is scarcely a labor official damned today as a "reactionary" but what got in office as a "progressive". And this is as it has been all along. There is scarcely a labor organization engaged in red-baiting, or disavowing all radicalism and all policy looking forward to a new social order, but what it has been started and kept alive by these self-same radicals.

Outside of a few choice chances for unadulterated racketeering, unions have not been built by conservative minded workers. It is the radical ready to start something that has started the unions too. A man so devoid of social vision and far-reaching purpose as to qualify as a conservative would neither have the incentive or gumption to build a bona fide union in opposition to em-

ployers, nor the human appeal to get his fellow workers to act together through it and get it going. Even the long dead Samuel Gompers, long the symbol of craft scabbery on craft, of class collaboration, and of every form of treachery to the working class that the term "reactionary" implies, boasted of the radicalism of his youth, of his study of German to read the works of Karl Marx in their original purity, and was well able to talk radicalism when it served his purpose. (Many another, lacking this training of Gompers, has had to secure professional radicals to talk radicalism for them when occasion required it.)

The unions in the garment industry well enough illustrate the point. These various "needle trades" unions are often referred to as the left wing of the trade union movement, and the degree of class-consciousness shown by them has been attributed to the predominance of non-English speaking members. But the early struggles of these unions show that so far as any such "foreign" influence shaped their policies, it was to make the lot of the little business man easier as these people hoped to be little business men themselves, and they had selected America because of their preference for its business and political practices. Always it was the worker with some socialistic tinge who started these unions. Largely because of the seasonal nature of the industry, and its previously small scale of operation which often made it a sort of family affair, there had been no opportunity to crystallize the sporadic struggles into a union until 1891 when socialist workers in the industry formed the United Garment Workers. In the hopes that by doing so, they would avoid frightening others away, they put non-socialists in control from the start, joined the A.F. of L., and adopted very conservative policies based mostly on the sale of the union label.

In 1901 the International Ladies Garment Workers was formed, given birth likewise by radicals

and from the same philosophy of creeping before you walk, turned over to conservatives at once. Since conservatism wins nothing, its first success was forced upon it in 1907 in a nine weeks strike of reefermakers led by refugees from the Russian revolution; their militancy lasted long enough to encompass the 1909 strike of 30,000 waist and dress makers, the greatest strike of girls and women known to that time. By the end of the "great strike" of 1913, this militancy had been replaced by the famous Protocol, which sounded like a treaty but actually meant the subjection of the workers to innumerable types of petty graft.

The United Garment Workers remained aloofly conservative, specializing in men's clothes and the sale of the label to Hart, Schaffner & Marx until 1914, when an ousted left wing formed the Amalgamated Clothing Workers on a program of replacing all this with a supposedly militant and socialistic union, but in reality to take up the label business where the United Garment Workers had left off, and twelve years later to consummate an agreement with "Golden Rule" Nash that to many of its members looked like a company union contract, entered into at the request of the employer.

The various needle trades unions, while we are mentioning them, might as well be drawn upon for another lesson, the complete failure of political radical groups to make such unions progressive. In them the issue of progressivism has almost always been bound up with some political sect, and its wars with some other sect, and resulted, as in the long fight between the Socialists and Communists for control in making confusion worse confounded, in pocket books emptier and dividends fatter. (Anyone interested in following up the record of the needle trades can find fine slices of it in Budish' "New Unionism", or in a series

of articles by Solberg on "The Collapse of the Needle Trades" in the New York Nation back in 1929.)

That labor should aim high has been felt by other organizations than the I.W.W.—and the presence of the radical in their founding is often enough recorded in their preambles — about as effectively as the radical exhortations that perhaps the self same people have inscribed on the walls of jails. The preamble of the Cloth Hat and Cap Makers (organized in 1901) includes among its purposes: "to co-operate with the national and universal labor movement for the final emancipation of the wage earner, and for the establishment of the cooperative commonwealth." The 1914 Preamble of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers goes even further, and says: "The same forces that have been making for industrial unionism are making for a closer inter-industrial alliance of the working class. The industrial and inter-industrial organization built upon the solid rock of clear knowledge and class consciousness will put the organized working class in actual control of the system of production, and the working class will then be ready to take possession of it." (One might well ask: If you know that much, why not join the I.W.W. and do something about it?)

The railroad workers have had the experience also of electing progressives to make unions of their organizations. The first of the railroad unions, "The Brotherhood of the Footboard", formed in 1863 by the enthusiastic efforts of an engineer, Robinson, and the ancestor of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, remained radical for just one year, and changed its policies with its name. Charles Wilson, an engineer on the New York Central, aware of the fact that that road was favorable to the idea of a conservative union for its

engineers, schemed to get control by charges against Robinson, and convinced the members that it would be a clever policy to assure the roads that the union would be concerned with raising the efficiency of its members. In 1866 and 1868 strikes were forced on the men, but the union officials would have nothing to do with their strikes. Wilson's denunciation of these strikes was followed by a similar denunciation of the strike on the Pennsylvania in 1873 when the company cut wages without so much as a day's notice—and that straw broke his back. A convention was held in Cleveland, Robinson cleared



of charges, Wilson forced to resign, and P. M. Arthur elected as an "insurgent" in his place. But he followed the policies of the "reactionary" over whom he had triumphed to such an extent that the labor historian, Commons, says he "made conservatism the permanent and distinctive characteristic of the Brotherhood." Their progressive candidates since then have given them similar treatment, and led them into the fiasco of banking and real estate. The story is the same from these aristocrats of the road to the poor gandy dancer in the Maintenance of Way. Their 1922 convention got rid of Barker for pocketing some \$222,000 of their union treasury and squandering some \$770,000 on business union ventures. Then it got rid of Grable who had dictatorially called off the strike that year, contrary to the vote of the members, and thus contributing in no small degree to the general mess of mutual scabbery into which railroad labor got itself. Then it elected the progressive candidate Fljoldal to find him fit in the same groove from which they had ousted their previous leaders.

One might almost think that men who knew enough, when their cars won't steer straight to look to the mechanism of the steering gear and not content themselves with putting on one tire after another to go the way of its predecessor, might know better how to get satisfactory results out of their union.

The record of the coal miners is particularly important in these days when Lewis of the UMWA is selling the CIO to the American working class on assumptions that he can give them some bona fide industrial unionism that the coal miners certainly have lacked themselves. Of course, Lewis did not start the Mine Workers in their ways of district scabbery or internal corruption. That goes back to the days when the regard for public opinion changed Mitchell from the battler who practically built the miner's union to—well here is how Debs painted the transformation:

"There was a time when I admired and applauded Mitchell's leadership. I thought I saw the coming of a man. But, alas! little by little I have seen him succumb to the blandishments of the plutocrats. He is today their beau ideal of a labor leader."

It was regard for public opinion presumably that led Mitchell to stop the bituminous and anthracite miners from striking together in 1902, and next year split the southern field of Colorado from the northern, so that this breach of solidarity was never healed until the successful strike of the I.W.W. in 1928 when north and southern fields were out together again. It may even have been this same esteem for public regard that made him conspire in 1904 to have a wage cut accepted when the union had voted to strike. But his similar actions in later years most likely were influenced by other regards as well, for he left ex-

tensive personal property already transferred to his family besides assets of \$244,295.

There is often so a high regard for dead labor leaders as to remind one of the definition of a statesman: "a successful politician who is dead." But it does no good to labor to disregard the lessons that can be learned from labor's past. While Mitchell Day is still celebrated back in the anthracite region, his deals with the National Civic Federation (whose preamble includes as its chief object "to show that capital can be taught the practicability of securing industrial peace in accordance with business methods and that the twin foes of industrial peace are the anti-union employers and the socialists") resulted in the UMWA ruling that no member of that union can belong to this class collaboration institution. That keeps Lewis out of the NCF and has kept Green outside it, despite his Rotary Club speeches that surely established his eligibility otherwise. After the miners got rid of Mitchell as president they had a rapid succession of presidents who temporarily filled their hearts with the hope that a real miners' union might be built—Tom Lewis, John P. White, Frank J. Hayes, and then John L. Lewis himself whom the miners have never been able to rid themselves of since, despite the resentment aroused by his betrayal of the miners who came to the aid of the UMWA in 1922, and his autocratic control over the union with the payroll vote and the blue sky local and the complete disregard for how votes are counted anyway.

The record of what happens in unions that are not controlled by the majority decision of their members would fill a book of tragedies and hopes turned sour. The current scene on every front brings to the mind of the student of the record another case that somehow should be pointed out. In Chicago a murderous jurisdictional war between the independent Chicago Teamsters' Union and the International Brotherhood of Teamsters recalls Phillip Taft's summary of the Chicago independent union in his continuation of Professor Common's uncompleted history of Labor in the United States:

"Originally a reform movement against the survival under Shea of the Young-Driscoll methods, this union ended by adapting these methods in full and improving on them."

Or the evening broadcast contains a eulogy of Major Berry of the Pressmen's union, now associated with John L. Lewis in heading Labor's "Non-Partisan" politics; and one is reminded that while the Major came into the labor movement when a card was given him while he was scabbing in St. Louis to get him to quit scabbing, still he rose to power by overthrowing the previous administration with a minor rebellion when it wanted to agree with the United Typothetae for the eight-hour day and an open shop. Since then alike in his exalted position in the American Legion and in his command over his union, he has sent in "union"

scabs to break many a strike, even working with the Burns Detective Agency to secure scabs at \$20 per day.*

Why is the record what it is? Is it that human nature is not to be trusted? Is it that only the exceptionally crooked become the leaders of labor? Fortunately it is neither. People aren't bad—they merely have conditioned reflexes. And as the A. F. of L. quite honestly said in defense of the charge that its officials have grown rich with bribery and corruption, its officials are by and large as honest as any officials in the public life of America—and neither this or any other country is a safe place for leaving your week's pay envelope on the front door step overnight.

The perpetual hope of workers that somebody would get elected to some office and fix things right for them is what is to blame. No doubt many of the most corrupt of union heads set out in the labor movement as class conscious workers who felt that it was up to them to get the boys to stick together and make the boss shell out with bigger pay checks. They didn't corrupt the labor movement. The labor movement corrupted them. Even such a character as Tobin of the Teamsters reminisces of the days gone by: "In the old days," he says, "when men fought for their unions there was a certain militant spirit pervading the air, and you heard of the union around the freight houses, wharves, and other places, you found men at meetings, you heard them out among your friends discussing the plans of the union. Today you seldom hear members discuss anything of serious importance about the union."

What makes the record what it is? It's the way the unions are built. It's in their written constitutions and in their traditional procedures. It's in their established relations as going concerns with the entire social and economic life around them. It's in the ruts and grooves into which these unions have worked themselves. It's in the make of the car, and not merely in the driver—and changing drivers will leave the rut and the steering pretty much as it is.

The militant elected to office in one of these unions, even though his intentions may be of the

best, finds himself very much in the position of the fellow who buys out some store. Both are going concerns with customers and salesmen coming



The Capitalist Press Has Corrupted Many a Labor Leader

in, so to speak, expecting business to be conducted pretty much as it was—and accordingly it is conducted pretty much so. Union members accustomed to a type of business unionism that has bred fortunes exceeding the officer's salaries, and employers accustomed to avoiding trouble by offering the hard cash or securing good will by more adroit means where such crudeness seemed out of place, and union constitutions and procedures that left important decisions regarding working practices and conditions in the hands of business agents and higher officers, all breed the labor racketeer, and no doubt have twisted honestly inclined men into such racketeers.

Where a union is looked upon solely as a business venture for "collective bargaining" it is by no means illogical that the "brokers of labor power" will seek and secure their commissions; that the consciences of Farrington's will not be hurt by an additional \$25,000 per year from a coal company, or a T. V. O'Connor hop from presidency of the Seamen's Union to a position as Chairman of the U.S. Shipping Board where he did everything against the union that he could do. In the

* Major Berry has now been appointed to the U.S. Senate by the Governor of Tennessee who comments on his success as a capitalist and gentleman farmer.

light of business practice it is viewed as no more unethical than the switching of an ace salesman to the service of some competitor. Even Lewis no doubt is not as embarrassed by the disclosures of his deals with Myron Taylor of U.S. Steel as most people were surprised by them. It is the logical tendency of business unionism, and almost certain to come about wherever contractual practices and constitutional provisions enable labor leaders to sell their services to employers.

But it is not always a matter of hard cash. It is reasonably certain that Gompers got no more out of the labor movement than a salary that enabled him to live luxuriously, even though not as much as might have been paid in other positions offered him, and the glory and praise that was lavished upon him as the nation's safe and sane labor leader. It was this regard for public opinion—the sort of public opinion that the economic masters of America create through their daily press — that started the railroad unions on a policy of obnoxious conservatism, that led Mitchell to establish the practices of sectional scabbery among the miners, that made Powderly of the Knights of Labor give up the battles that well might have made that Order the means of solidarity that American labor has long been seeking. The role of this same factor of public opinion is so obvious in the current case of Lewis that to mention it is almost to rub a sore toe — and the newspapers play the game as they though recalled and relished their previous triumphs in the seductive power of a headline.

The dangers in the perpetuation of this record are great. But they are not those most emphasized by the press. It will do no great harm to American labor that some fellow who lacked the backbone to go look for a union is compelled to join one, or to accept some increase in pay forced by others from his boss even though he has to pay most of it back to the union, or even go on strike and act like a man when he would prefer to scab. That in actual fact is the excuse for labor racketeering that gives it reason to endure. It is that we need unions, and these blamed things aren't unions no matter how they are dressed up. We need a means of acting together, and these are devices to stop us from acting together. We need arrangements for coming to majority decisions for ourselves, and these are contraptions to make any such majority decision still-born. We need weapons of offense and defense in the struggle for existence, and organizations that we do not control can certainly furnish us no protection.

The hazards and oppression to which labor is subjected are in no small degree the by-products of the sort of thing that has passed for labor unionism in America. The rustling card in Butte by which

a blacklist is maintained, was established with the connivance of union officials, partly out of a racial "consciousness of kind" to keep the Finns out of the Butte mines because they wouldn't swear in plain English, and largely to get rid of those who in their sense of what a labor movement ought to do, were a nuisance alike to the union and the company officials. That Butte rustling card is a material embodiment of the relationship into which accepted practices put worker, employer, and union official in the majority of industries. It is the sort of arrangement that we can expect to see fostered in these days of increasing regimentation and attempt control over labor. "The One Big Company Union"—the C.I.O.—is laid out to function very much in accord with such a policy—and the workers are few and far between and exceedingly dumb, who will like the results when they get it.

The remedy? Start off fresh and clean. Get out of the ruts in which unionism has been cast. Sever completely the "established business and going concern" of business unionism by starting out on the matter of fact premise that worker and employer, no matter how collectively they may bargain, are in the position of owner of the earth and wage-slave existing by permission of the owner, until, and unless we dump him off his throne. Remember that the aim of a union of wage slaves is emancipation from wage-slavery—and that will never be achieved by getting the boss to sign a contract providing for our emancipation and our concomitant recapture of Mother Earth. Build unions for solidarity, and there will be no jurisdictional points with which business agents can juggle. Build a union in which the majority of the members exercise as complete a control over all policies and decision at all times as is at all possible, and then the boss will have to buy the whole works out, for the union officials will have nothing to sell. And if you want your union officials to be of you and not over you, to see things as you see them and not as your boss sees them, change them from time to time, get them back on the job as a wage earner occasionally, and keep their salary down with your earnings, so that their environment is yours too—for a man is as filled with his environment as a sausage skin is filled with whatever it is they stick in it.

It is because of these facts that the record of the I.W.W. is so vastly different from the record of the rest of the labor movement. And the point, if you please, is not merely that we have a past in which we can glory, but a process in motion, and a highly advantageous starting point from which to take off for new achievements in the battle for the good things of life for us all.

What Excuse for Capitalism?

By

FRED THOMPSON

From Adam Smith to Thorstein Veblen the successive apologies for capitalism and exploitation, and the successive punctures that these excuses have received, are reviewed in the hopes that they may stop someone from falling for some of them.

Those who have ruled us have always tried to assure us that it was all for our own good, that the interest of the race, the interest of all things we held good beyond our own lives, the interest of society, and what they found good to do, were all one and the same. As we have rid ourselves of one master after another, one set of economic notions after another has been scrapped as absurd; but today, in the long-winded economic arguments that get people seemingly nowhere, these outworn and rejected notions are brought up to "make confusion worse confounded."

When kings and emperors ruled for their kind it was simply taken for granted that whatever economic policy brought them the most revenue without immediately killing the goose that laid the golden egg, or hurting the upper crust on whose favor they held the reins, was a good economic policy. The fact that these policies made deserts of their wheat fields, widows of their subjects' daughters, ruins of their cities, until their very gods were forgotten, did not bring into question the premise: What is good for the state is good. And today without hesitation it is the test of an economic policy: Will it help balance the budget without soaking the rich? Science goes ever ahead to new achievements, but the economic thinking of a ruling class never.

So long as the great fortunes of the world were in landed estates, going from father to son, it was considered a great sin to charge interest on money loaned to the owners of these lands, for then some of the products of the serfs' labor went to rank outsiders. Today this usury is a very highly honored business of banking and finance capital and it is no longer sinful to charge interest.

When the fortunes in shipping became great enough to dominate over all others, it became the accepted view that the nation itself was a great mercantile concern. It was believed that when more money came in by the end of the year than went out, it was good business for the entire nation, even though to accomplish this, millions of the nation had to be changed from relatively hap-

py cottagers to miserable vagabonds. And we still hear learned men talking of this "favorable balance of trade."

When the business class in England, America, and France thought it time in the light of their growing importance as a class to start running the world themselves, they had to challenge much of the arguments that the nation was a great mercantile concern, and that the test for an economic policy was how it affected government revenue. In fact this new class made its revolution largely because it wanted government to attend to just two things: to grab the world for its exploitation and to stop the working class from organizing and grabbing anything for itself. By its revolution it not only established capitalism, but it gave birth to the young science of economics as well.

An "Unseen Hand" Discovered

Adam Smith looked at the stirring world about him, grew enthusiastic about the division of labor in the manufacture of pins, and in all things else. He saw in this division of labor two objects to study. One was the fact that men working together in this way turned out far more than they would if each worked for himself. The other was that this division of labor meant at the same time the dependence of each on the other. It was a tie that held them together. It indicated to him that the parts of the economic world were held together by this division of labor and the consequent mutual dependence of man on man, much as the parts of the physical universe were held together by the gravitational attraction of mass to mass. And it occurred to him further that the economic relations of man to man, if studied and found to yield general truths similar to those "natural laws" whose discovery had so caught the fancy of the times, would dispense with the notion that these economic relations could be maintained only by the ever present interference of the state. This fitted perfectly with the ambitions of the business class. So the world was soon properly impressed to observe the division of labor between country and country, between city and rural dis-

tricts, between city and city, between shop and shop, all busy working apparently indifferent to what the other was doing, bent each only on his own profit, all in apparent chaos, and yet somehow all dovetailing together, doing the work that they could best do for others because that was what it was most profitable to do. In fact the only thing, in this scheme of things, that could disrupt perfect harmony, was some interference with the operation of self-interest.

On this basis, from Smith's "Wealth of Nations" (published in 1776) the idea of some benevolent "unseen hand" guiding our destiny so long as some state interference didn't stop it, was elaborated by a host of writers, who while developing theories of rent, currency and ways to raise revenue made it their chief business to show that the working class should be content with long hours, low wages and the starvation of unemployment.

"The Dismal Science"

Labor was stirring, and its condition was so wretched that even the decent-minded of the ruling class felt something ought to be done about it. But the economists all urged that to do anything about it or to permit labor to do anything for itself, would destroy the natural harmony that self-interest would work out by itself. Reform was damned as "misguided idealism."

Malthus proved to the satisfaction of every coupon clipper and politician, that if higher wages were paid, the workers would just marry earlier, raise larger families, produce more unemployment by their larger numbers, reduce wages again by their increased competition, and meanwhile so press on the margin of cultivation that it would result in starvation and ruin for all. (And meanwhile the notion that workers should check this competition by organizing unions was held to be such a disastrous interference with natural economic law that was forbidden by the laws of Great Britain.) This masterpiece of reasoning came out in 1803, and it was the accepted doctrine until quite recently despite the readily observed fact that those with higher incomes usually have smaller families, and if anything, are later in settling down in marriage.

It was a time when the first epoch making impetus was given to the productivity of labor. Every day new machines were changing the face of the world. It was the steady boast how much more could be produced with them than with the old hand methods. Yet the standard of living of workers in England was definitely going down. It took no theory to convince any sensible workingman that he was being gypped—that the rent, interest and profit that others lived on was something that he turned out but didn't get. What were the economists to say in explanation of this income of the upper classes?

The answer given by the capitalist economists was that wealth was produced by the combination of land, labor and capital, and that each earned its share as rent, wages, and interest—and, of course, as payment for the specific earnings of the manufacturer or industrial capitalist—the wages of superintendence and the reward of enterprise. Rent, Ricardo had explained, was payment for the advantage of the soil over the margin in use—that, if land could be had for nothing that produced four bushels an acre, then it was worth while to pay the price of three bushels to use an acre that would raise seven. So as cities grew and gave advantage to locations, or as the expansion of agriculture brought poorer land into cultivation, the owner of the land earned a larger and larger share of the national production by doing nothing but owning it.

Interest—why certainly it has to be paid as a reward for abstinence or people would not save money to invest in business enterprise; and so those who could not use up their incomes accumulated bigger and bigger incomes as the reward for an abstinence practiced only by those who received no interest.

It was explained further that capital produced most of the wealth, and not labor; that if a man with machinery could turn out ten times as many socks as he could without the machinery, then certainly the machine turned out nine-tenths of the socks and the owner of the machine was actually being exploited by the exorbitant demands of labor if he did not get nine-tenths of the product. They didn't check their calculation by figuring what the machine would produce without the men.

And the simple fact upon which Adam Smith had so elaborated—that men co-operating and dividing the work among them could do much more than they could without this co-operation and division of labor—this fact was used to argue that if an employer hired a hundred men to work together under his direction then the excess they produced in this way over what they would each working alone, was really his product and should go to him as the "wages of superintendence." And enterprise should have its due reward even though it be enterprise that cast thousands into poverty.

In short, with such splendid arguments for rent, interest and profit, it seemed that the operation of industry and the employment of workers was a philanthropic enterprise to give people work, and that for workers to insist upon any wages at all was an ungrateful way of biting the very hand that fed them.

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The Marxian Analysis

Such reasoning was forced to take a back seat by the analysis presented by Karl Marx. The assumption of "freedom of contract" that workers

offered their services of a free will and from no coercion, was blown up by pointing out the actual slave-like status of the modern wage worker. He is no more free while others own the means with which he must work to live, than if others owned him outright. Like the serf and slave, the wage-worker works with material owned by others, with equipment owned by others, and the product is owned by these others. His standard of living, while it may have doubled between the horrors of 1820 and 1929, certainly did not keep pace with an increase of several hundred fold in his productivity.

The entire explanation of modern economic facts, Marx urged, was therefore to rest on the surplus that labor consequently produced but did not get. The premise to start with is not some assumption of freedom of contract, natural law, and what not, but the readily observable fact that man's labor, applied to natural resources, produces all the goods and services on the market. Those who do this work for those who own the equipment get their subsistence or as much more perhaps as their organized strength may win for them; the rest of what they produce goes to the owners of the equipment to be divided up as rent, interest, profits, taxes to support non-productive workers, as in the "legislative, executive and judiciary" branches of government, etc.

This Marxian slant that these various items of "unearned incomes" are not directly filched, but are derivatives from the surplus produced by industrial labor, indicates that the host of reforms to decrease rent, alter the basis of taxation, or limit interest, are of no substantial concern to the worker. His battle is with the employer; the job where he produces this wealth that he does not get is his battleground. Thus one practical advantage of this Marxian outlook on economics has been to focus the attention of those workers who have understood it, on the points for effective attack against their exploiters.

The view of Karl Marx on these fundamental questions of economics have become much more widely accepted in recent years largely because the historic trend of capitalist economy has followed the predictions that naturally follow from them, and certainly have not followed the predictions natural to any economic thought that disregards the exploitation of labor as the forward pushing force in this economy. To the "natural harmony" way of thinking, crises were accidents; to Marx they were inevitable recurrences of capitalism. The general course of the history of our times, is all implicit in such a line of economic thought as he advanced. So today he receives the credit that comes to a scientist whose forecast works out. The test of truth is: "Will it work?"

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Since the time of Marx the apologists for cap-

italism and for profits have worked on other lines. The old alibis for profits were supposed to fit in with the "labor concept of value" taught by Smith and Ricardo and the other founders of economic science, but now quite taboo because of the logical conclusions Marxians have drawn from it. In its place has been reared the notion of "marginal utility." It is considered, as one such approach, that in a competitive market, as long as a profit is made by producing any article, others will try the business, until those who turn out this article at the highest cost find that they make a loss instead. Thus the price tends to equal the cost to the marginal producer. Should the price drop, many marginal producers would be wiped out. Should the price rise, the margin would be shifted to others who produced even at a greater cost. So the formula while no doubt true enough, really means nothing, so far as an explanation of price is concerned. So the question is also offered that as the consumer has marginal wants and may switch from potatoes to rice if the price of spuds rises, that the marginal use of an item to its marginal consumers also sets the price. And so, of course, it also follows that price in a competitive market is such that the marginal use to the marginal consumer balances the cost of production to the marginal producer, if all that means anything more than a picture of the higgling process of the market.

"The Disutility of Working"

In regard to wages in particular this viewpoint (which pleases a consuming class because it implies that values exist because of these dear parasites' desire for things) is worked out this way. From the worker's side the utility of the wage is supposed to balance for him the disutility of working. From the employer's viewpoint the services of the worker are a "utility" only in so far as he can derive a profit from him. He has certain equipment and material, and certain orders to fill. If hiring more workers will give him more profits under these circumstances, he will do so. If he finds that it is more profitable to lay some of his force off, he will do so. And thus the wage the worker gets is said to be, by such economists, equal to the extra production of the marginal worker. (This, of course, doesn't seem to fit in with the experience that you have to get out the same production as the next man or go down the line. But such economic theories aren't to be expected to fit in with the facts of life.)

However, it all sounds plausible, and since it really has no meaning, it can not very well be proved untrue. It expresses the actual experience of the business man tolerably well, and also his muddle-headedness, and so has been accepted as the current and orthodox economics. It creates the impression that a society where industry is

run for profits is really after all run for service, for that is the way to make profit, and that what the banker and landlord and businessman and industrial magnate get, is determined by the usefulness of their services to others; and that if the worker does not get very much, it is because his services are not very useful. Hence for workers to get more, they should make themselves worth more to their employers. This has been handed out in many editorials in times of industrial disputes without the attendant explanation that the strike, creating a shortage of labor and of its products was the one and only way to make labor "worth more" to the employers. Economics has thus been lifted to the plane of Rotary Club ethics.

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Veblen's Observations

While the more obvious and arrant nonsense of this system of marginal utility and its conclusions—and preachments—were being modified and replaced by the more factual observations encouraged by such economists as Taussig, Seligman and Nearing in America, and as Hobson in England, the pin that put the hole in the balloon of marginal utility was put there by a rather erratic professor of economics in Chicago, Stanford and Missouri by the name of Thorstein Veblen. His first major work made a simple observation from which the rest of his precious logic readily flowed. He made a simple and obvious distinction—between business and industry. Industry is the process of producing things; business is the process of buying them cheap and selling them dear—if it is possible. Industry is owned by businessmen. The business men hire technical experts to supervise production and to see that the process is carried on in a somewhat efficient and workman-like manner, and that the product has at least sufficient serviceability to be vendable (Veblen's favorite term for saleable). No further degree of serviceability is desired by the businessman, and any greater degree of service is to be viewed as a waste of service, interfering with the wearing out of the thing sold, and thus interfering with a future prospective opportunity to sell it again at more than it cost. Here the purpose of business and industry conflict.

Again the object of industry, as taught by the technicians hired by the business men, is to turn out plenty, to establish mass production, to create an abundance at low cost. This will not do for the business man as his profit is contingent on keeping the supply down enough below the demand to make sure of a profit. And in consideration of this demand, the conflict of business and industry again comes out—for where it is the industrial outlook, the requirement of the technician that supplies be accurately labeled and be definite-

ly up to specification, the business man hires the business man's apostle, the advertising agent, to put the wares on the market as though they were something far more excellent than they are.

To summarize the relation of business to industry, Veblen borrows a term of reproach that had been hurled at radical labor, at the I.W.W. in particular—the term sabotage—and, defining it as the willful withdrawal of efficiency, states that the function of business is the sabotage of industry.

But the business man's sabotage of industry and the conflict of business with industry does not end in these simple restrictions that the business-like owner imposes on his hired technicians and through them on the workman-like crew he has hired. This is the age of Big Business and therefore of more intricate and more colossal sabotage.

This is the age of the corporation, where over 90 percent of the wealth is owned by corporations. And these corporations in turn are owned by those who own stocks in them, pieces of paper entitling them—if they are preferred shares—to a fixed income taken out of the profit, and if they are common shares, to an income varying with the profit. The corporations may perhaps also be owned by bond-holders who are also promised a fixed percentage on their bonds, though these bond-holders can really not claim any single piece of the corporation's property and have dubious rights in controlling it. The actual property probably belongs, if it belongs to any one, to the owners of debentures and mortgages. In fact the ownership of many corporations is so dubious that it is almost impossible to affix responsibility for damages done by the corporation; but when the I.W.W. proposes that labor "takes possession," or workers sit down in their plants, these responsibility dodgers let out a howl.

Such being the set-up, the big business is the peddling of these shares of stock. There are the most golden opportunities.

In this businesslike process of buying cheap and selling dear, far more can be done to put stocks up and down than can be done to put the price of pork or pig iron up and down. And it is in these ups and downs that the businesslike process of buying cheap and selling dear finds its advantages. It is not always good business to have an industrial enterprise succeed; it is not always good business to have new capital funds flow to those industries where there is a need for expansion; it is not good business for example to provide good housing. It is good business to provide frequent disturbances in the economic process, for this makes up-and-downs that those who know where and when the ups-and-downs will oc-

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Book Reviews

MR. JOHN PUBLIC: CONSUMER

The Decline and Rise of the Consumer by Horace M. Kallen D. Appleton-Century Co. 484 pages \$2.75.

After we were neck-deep in this last depression, or economic crisis, many of our thinkers and philosophers began to discuss ways of avoiding future ones. The President sent a commission to the Scandinavian countries to observe the producers and consumers coöperatives. Many people are now believing that consumer coöperation offers the vehicle for peacable transition from capitalist to consumer economy.

Mr. Kallen is among those who hold this latter belief. The subtitle of his volume is "A Philosophy of Consumer Coöperation". In his building of such a philosophy he gets far astray and into deep water. His liberalism grants him little understanding of either socialism or communism. In discussing their relation to consumer coöperation he flounders terribly. Neither does he have a real conception of the causes of Fascism.

In the first few chapters, Kallen is decidedly dull. Therein he attempts to establish the primacy of the consumer over the producer; the idea that society should be chiefly concerned with satisfying the wants of the consumer rather than nurturing the wishes of the profit-seeking producer.

Kallen briefly sketches the evolution from serfdom scarcity through to the guilds and to early manufacturing; from the days when the producer had actual relations with the consumer, to the time when the circulation of goods separated producer and consumer. This latter period produced goods in greater quantities but of inferior quality. Developing capitalism was producing for sale and *caveat emptor* was the rule.

In England experiments were being made in consumer coöperation and were resulting in failures until the Rochdale Plan was established. In tracing the rise of coöperatives in England and on the Continent, Kallen stresses that successes were due to strict adherence to Rochdale principles. Despite the theories of the Owenites, Christian Socialists and manufacturers coöperatives, the real strength lay in retail and wholesale consumer coöperatives. Credit unions came at a larger date.

Today in England their resources total \$400 millions and 70,000 accounts. Gradients in the relations between coöperative employees and management are discussed.

In the United States the coöperative movement had a varied and hectic career—hectic with post-war frauds costing the gullible millions, and varied with divergent sponsors. However, American individualism kept down growth here. In its beginning consumer coöperation was associated with the National Grange, Farmers Union and the Farm Bureau. Today most of the coöperatives are among the agricultural populations. Those in the industrial centers are almost entirely among the foreign groups.

It can be believed that these co-ops have saved their members and customers millions of dollars. Among the petroleum co-ops the amount saved is fifteen cents on a dollar purchase. In this era of rapidly rising prices and receding real wages, there is a growing interest in consumer co-ops. However, to believe as does Mr. Kallen that consumer coöperation and credit unions in collaboration with the trade unions can subtly change ours into a consumers' economy is gazing through rosy spectacles. It is Kallen's belief that co-ops should steer clear of any political alliances in order to succeed. Without an infusion of other ideas they are to change our economic setup. There is a bibliography of data on cooperatives and an index.—James DeWitt.

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A SAILOR WRITES OF BATTLE

Tsushima by A. Novikoff-Priboy. Translated from the Russian by Eden and Cedar Paul. Alfred A. Knopf. 425 pages \$3.50.

Reading history, to most of us is like raking in the dust heaps. Accounts of great battles are usually glorifications of the strategical genius of some commander.

Here is the dramatic narrative of one of the world's greatest naval battles by one of the common sailor participants. For twenty years this account of a decisive battle of the Russian-Japanese War lay hidden in a forgotten place. Hidden originally from the eyes of the Tsarist police they

were found again by the author and made into a volume that sold a million copies in the Soviet Union.

Upon the defeat of the First Pacific Squadron off Port Arthur by the Japanese fleet, the Russian Ministry of Marine hastily assembled the Second Squadron at Kronstadt. From the time it sailed on October 2nd, 1904, until the destruction of its 38 ships eight months later in Tsushima Straits by Admiral Togo's fleet, one can sense along with the author the impending disaster.

Novikoff-Priboy was a political suspect before his naval assignment. That is he presumed to dispute the divine authority of the Tsarist rule. Like many other political suspects in the navy he was sent to the Far East in the hopes that he would never return. It was truly remarkable that these aging and rusty hulks withstood the 18,000 mile voyage from the Baltic to the Sea of Japan. It was still more remarkable that the ship's complements with the knowledge of their inevitable doom preying upon them, were able to restrain themselves from mutiny.

It was not discipline that held the squadron together on this long voyage, but servility. A boot-licking servility to admirals and commanders who rose to rank because they were court favorites

or because they were landed gentry. This servile dependence upon empty-headed commanding officers, afraid to accept responsibility even in emergencies, and a morale that cracked and brought about confusion at the first shot from the enemy's guns, was the immediate cause of the ignominious defeat.

The author dramatizes his action and writes with a clear insight that sets him aside from the older school of verbose Russian fiction. Being himself from the poorer classes he does not have to pretend to feel what he has never experienced. True understanding of his shipmates with an amazing grasp of naval practice and navigation allows him to write the best book on naval warfare that has ever been printed. Novikoff with many of his fellow seamen understood perfectly the part they were playing, fighting valiantly for a lost cause under handicaps. The utter destruction of the Tsar's naval forces at Tsushima was the symbol of the decay of the Empire and one of those defeats that led to the abortive revolution of 1905, and a decay that paved the road to the events of 1917.

There is a map, charts and tables of comparative strength of the Russian and Japanese naval forces, but no index.—James DeWitt.

What Excuse for Capitalism?

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cur can use very much to their advantage in loading up with stock and letting it go, with gambling on the price of next year's wheat, or betting on foreign exchange.

Wars and peace are both excellent devices for producing profitable ups-and-downs; even the rumors of war can be turned into profits in handling the fictitious values of the stock exchange—and even should the rumors of war and the dumbness of those people who, because they couldn't become stock-brokers became statesmen instead, should this result in a real war where a few million workers were killed, it really creates a remarkable market for goods of dubious vendibility with few questions asked, and thus makes the floating of new issues of stocks, bonds, debentures, the promotion of new companies all possible, and above all makes shares in munition plants good stock worth holding on to.

Where Adam Smith 150 years before had looked on the stirring world about him and seen the working of an invisible hand providentially producing harmony and efficiency and progress through the search of each for his own advantage, the modern economist looks on a capitalism gone mad and sees a very sinister hand offering inferior and often harmful goods under bright disguises to a gullible public, another sinister hand of the same monster stopping the wheels of industry to insure that a tribute be paid; another sinister hand reaching out to stop capital being invested in the necessary repairs to a railroad bed, with the result of a smash-up and death, another sinister hand producing a depression, and an even more sinister hand of the monster ringing the tocsin of war and sending millions to their death.

There is but one excuse for capitalism—only one excuse for profits and the other fruits of exploitation—and that is "that the suckers will stand for it." It's time to end that excuse, too.

MAKE YOUR OWN

INTELLIGENCE

TEST

Big Back East Banker —
He swaps shares instead of
paying income taxes.

**Local Banker and Pillar of
community —** wishes he had
done the same.

Local Manufacturer — He
swears that when better
times come business will
bring them.

**He makes parts for the local
manufacturer and still hopes
to rise.**

**John Workox who really
does the work, and is on the
pay roll of the man above
him.**

John Workox's boss insists that he carries John on the pay roll. The local manufacturer boasts that he carries John's boss with his credit and orders, and the bankers boast that they carry them all.

Do they carry John, or does John carry them? If you insist that they carry John you may become a professor of economics, but if you insist that John carries them you should join the I.W.W. to dump the bosses off your back.

* * *

When conditions get a bit tough, and John's knees get shaky, his local paper advises that it's time to get real radical, and form a united front of everybody from the local banker down to fight the big banker back east. Should John unite with the first four parasites on his shoulder to get rid of the back east banker—or should he get out from under the whole pile of them by ditching his own cockroach boss?

If you still think John should unite with all the little bosses to fight the big ones, you might as well join some political party until you wake up. If you're for dumping all the bosses off your back, join the I.W.W. and let's do it.

* * *

Someone told John that what made his back ache was that the bosses on his back were too big, and that he should have a law passed to have more bosses and smaller ones on his back instead of these big ones.



Who makes the laws—John or the folks on his back?

If the fellow on top represents a billion dollars, and the next high represents a million, would John be more comfortable with a different boss to represent each \$10,000 involved in the picture?

* * *

John's boss has promised him that if he doesn't join the I.W.W. to dump the whole skedaddle off his back, and sticks with him for ten more years, and business picks up, he will make him a foreman so that he will have someone to ride.

If business picks up, and John sticks, and his boss lives up to his agreement, will this make the load any lighter on John's back? (We didn't ask about his feet.)

* * *

Now it's time for you and John to join the I. W. W.

How We Got This Way

There are about two billion people on this earth. About a third of us live in countries where railroads, machines, and factories make us call ourselves civilized. We live in continuous worry about how to make ends meet without a job, or worry how to hold the job we have, and are beset with the menace of wars in which we may have to kill each other off. The rest of the two billion inhabitants of Earth, though they see much less of railroads, machines, electric lights, and porcelain bathtubs, are caught in the same trap of economic insecurity, and face the same danger of military annihilation. A world-wide depression has put wrinkles in the foreheads alike of the Detroit mechanic, the Lancashire weaver, the South-Sea Islander, clad in a necklace and loin-cloth, and earning a living by gathering copra shell, and the African elephant hunter who finds that the radio, displacing the piano, has wrecked the market for ivory. We are all in a mess—a mess into which we have wandered in our search for security—for safety, and enough.

The Search for Safety

The human race has spent thousands of years, fought thousands of wars, devised thousands of inventions, conferred and deliberated on thousands of plans to achieve safety and security, that we might live to a ripe old age and see our young ones grow up around us. We started out in a world where every creature was armed to attack us and to resist our attack, while we poor human beings could neither fly like the eagle nor live in the water; we could not run as fast as the rabbit nor had we the strength of the bear; we had no tough hide like the elephant, no horns like the bull, no sharp teeth like the wolf, no fighting tusks like the boar; nor could we even defend ourselves, like the skunk, with a foul stench. But we had our heads more erect than they, for we had hands with which to grasp things and re-shape them to our fancy; and we had a voice-box that could develop language, and thus enable us to benefit from the experience of others, and become the wisest of all the inhabitants of earth. So we fashioned stones to hurl and cut, we conquered fire, we rolled great stones in front of our caves, we made clothing of the skins of the animals we ate, we learned to throw the javelin and spear, we drew the cord over the bow and sent the arrow on its flight, we made us armor, and built walled cities, we built us boats to go on the water, we conquered all the bears and elephants and tigers combined, we built submarines and torpedoes with which to sink our boats, Big Berthas with which to

smash down the walls of our cities, great airplanes with which to bomb them. Our tanks were far tougher than the rhinoceros' hide; our aircraft out-flew the eagle; our poison-gas outstunk the skunk. All this we did to make ourselves safe—and for four thousand years there has scarcely been a year of peace in which we were not killing each other; in 1914-18 we killed ten million soldiers and twenty-four million civilians; and ever since in a world in which there has always been a war we have been living in continuous dread of the far more terrible devices for slaughter that have been invented since—radio-controlled rockets; death rays; more powerful explosives; more deadly gases; and most terrible of all, the bacteriological warfare by which our drinking water is to be infected with typhoid, our clothing with anthrax, and our cities infested with rats to carry the dread bubonic plague—all to be dropped by aircraft. Such has been our progress toward shafety.

"The Conquest of Bread"

We have made similar progress in feeding ourselves. We sought the most fertile river valleys in the hope of always finding something to eat. We found we could grow our food and not have to hunt for it; we found we could raise our own meat. We settled and built ourselves towns—and the huntsmen from the hills raided our fields and herds and made themselves masters of the great river valleys. We were slaves and they were masters, except when in the wars they wages to levy tribute from other conquered valleys, the defeated lords of one valley became the slaves of the victors. We built irrigation systems so that our crops could always have water; and even faster our overlords built great empires, using us as pawns in their empire-building. They built and wrecked—they wrecked the cities they conquered and they likewise wrecked their native lands, for the tribute of grain they levied made it useless to grow our own crops. The land we had cultivated went waste; wind and rain made much of it desert; famine, pestilence, and the slaughter of our young men in war, all left ruin behind them. Where our labor and sweat and suffering for thousands of years had built gorgeous civilizations, we have left the sands of the deserts, and the great tombs that thousands of us died building, so that a few royal corpses might rot less slowly.

Once again on the ruin of these ancient empires, our class, though now of different race, set out in the quest of security. Once more we were entrapped as slaves and serfs, growing crops and building strong castles to house and feed those



The old fight of Spartacus, and the labor battles of today are all part of a struggle that must go on, until we, the last slave class on earth abolish slavery forever.

who laid waste the fields of our neighbors. Our wives and daughters spun and wove; we smoked and pickled herring; and merchants came to trade their spice and silk for these goods that we made for our masters. These merchants grew rich, and the richer they grew, and the more wars the kings and lords fought, and the more they borrowed from the merchants, the more favors the merchants exacted of them, until it came to be that the merchants either ruled through the kings, or had us, the working people, overthrow them. And we believed the tale of the merchants that if we would but let them rule, we would have peace and equal opportunity, freedom, and justice.

So we improved the farmlands and raised new crops, and learned to rotate them. We devised windmills and better water-wheels. We went forth in the merchants' ships and brought back to Europe strange things from many lands; and with the Chinese compass we sailed first over what we thought was the edge of a flat world, and discovered and conquered America. Our more adventurous sons went sailing everywhere, planting flags for the merchants, and bringing home rich treasure to them, or killed each other in the wars that the merchants and kings of one country waged with the merchants and kings of another. But despite their waste and wars and destruction,

despite the horror of seeing our homes go up in smoke and our loved ones slaughtered, the world we were building grew richer; our knowledge grew richer; and our industrial arts surpassed those of the ancient world on whose ruins we had built a new one. That the merchants might have more cloth and trinkets to offer for pearls and gold and diamonds to the savages on the edges of the world, we built great factories where we spun and wove with the power of water. Our country homes were destroyed so that sheep could be raised where before we had raised gardens and children; and we with our children went into the great new cities, living in filth and wretchedness, making our tiny tots slave sixteen hours a day in their mills, or burn themselves crawling through their chimneys to clean them.

We built steam engines to run the machines, and dug mines to furnish them coal, taking down our women to crawl through the drifts on their bleeding knees as beasts of burden, while our children sat alone in the dark tending the trap doors of the mines. We worked as no slaves before had ever worked, and we lived in ever greater misery and squalor. We heard the boast that the machines we had built had made it possible to produce a hundred times as much as our fathers; yet we alternated our twelve and sixteen hour shifts with

long out-of-work stretches, roaming the country, seeing our children die of hunger, and some of us, brutalized enough by this progress, ate our very children. We blamed the machine; and those of wood we burned, and those of steel we wrecked, even as centuries before the first knitting machines had been burned in the market-places to ward off what today we call "technological unemployment". But faster than those out of work could destroy the machines, those who had jobs built new ones that went faster. Secretly, and against the law of those days, we built unions, hoping thereby that some of the great flood of wealth that we were pouring out would come to us and bring us happiness; and though ever it was that the tale-bearer in our ranks worked against us, and men weakened under promises and threats and the sight of the hunger of their children in our long-fought strikes, yet the fact that we fought and were banded together to fight freed most of our children of the worst of their slavery, removed our wives from work at night and as beasts of burden in the mines, cut down our hours until we could endure them, and gave us hovels less disgusting than those we had before. Our unemployment of today is less wretched than our prosperity of a century ago—and whatever brightness and joy we have in our lives has been achieved by the fight we have made banded together.

Empire Round the World

But for every trivial increase that we got, our ever more wonderful machines turned out a hundred-fold increase for others. From the workshops of England and France, as from a seed-bin, we sprouted factories and machinery the round world over. We made steam carry us across oceans against the wind; we made steam carry our loads across continents on road-beds that we slaved in the sun long hours to build; we made steam, and even falling water, drive a mighty electric force through the cables that we made of the copper dug in Butte and Africa and Chile, and with which we had girdled the globe. With these mighty modern means we built empires such as Alexander could never have visioned—empires that circled the earth, and yet where messages could be sent to any point in an instant. Our sons went thousands of miles to kill other workers' sons, to build these empires and to die with the torment of the damned. And even as the empires of old gathered tribute from the territory conquered, and thus killed industry in the very seat of their power—so too in these empires of the great capitalists, conquest and expansion meant that jute was woven for a penny a day in India while jute weavers in Dundee went on a shilling a day relief; that copper was mined in Chile so cheap that miners in Butte went hungry; that the work of the world was done more and more where men wore only loin-cloths and brought up their children on rice.

Our class that for centuries has slaved for Pharaohs, Kings and Emperors, for lords and princes and merchants, now slaves for great corporations. The wealth we built in machinery, in mines, in railroads, in power and pipe-lines is so great that seldom does anyone attempt to own any piece of it. Instead the possession of a piece of paper—a share of stock, a bond or debenture—entitles him to more tribute than did the possession of a whole army or whole fleet in the days of old. So today the greatest merchant princes of all are those who buy and sell these tribute-bearing pieces of paper. A handful of these men make war or peace to benefit by the change it makes in their stock-market; they close down whole industries and blight the hopes and dreams of whole nations of people, to make sure that no wheel turns and no motor hums without paying them their tribute. So here we are—two billion people on this earth whose ancestors have been toiling and giving up their very lives these thousands of years to win safety and security for our kind; two billion people whose skilled hands and ever keener brains have harnessed the air, the wind, the water, the oil and coal from beneath the earth, and used this power to drive great arms and legs of steel to work that our bare hands could never undertake; two billion people whose skill and science and invention could readily produce all that these two billion and many more billion people could ever use; and these two billion people living on next to nothing, always in want, always imperilled by war and famine and pestilence, all because they let a hundred of them control the machines they have built and the power they have harnessed.

It is a blight that fell on us thousands of years ago when the hunters from the hills raided our garden plots in the valleys, and we let them remain over us as lords and masters. We who do the world's work, who have made this wild world over into a veritable Aladan's lamp that we need only to rub in order to have what we want, will not be safe, and will not be secure so long as we let any lord and master hold this Aladan's lamp that we have fashioned of oil and copper and steel for him, and permit him to tell us when we can rub it.

The great economic problems of today—the age-old quest for safety and enough—the endless urge to make our dreary lives full and rich and satisfying—these are problems that only our class can hope to solve; and our class is skilled and competent as no class of workers, slaves or serfs before us ever was, to solve them. And if our class does not free Aladan's lamp from the clutch of this modern Midas, then the hopes of mankind these many hundred years, and the chances to build on this decaying capitalism a new and splendid social order, will go down in war and pestilence and famine to the fate of Babylon and Greece and Rome.—7-GO-8.

A PAGE OF REBEL VERSE

IN LUMBERLAND

*The time has come, the Logger said,
To talk of many things,
Of One Big Union in the camps
To fight the Lumber Kings.*

*Of men who went to prison
Because of Laws unjust;
Of how the Loggers held their own
Against the Lumber Trust.*

*Of the murderfest in sunny France,
The money-baron's war,
Of how men fell and did not know
What they fought each other for.*

*And last of all, but not the least,
Of the time not far away;
When men of worth shall own the earth
On "Emancipation" day.*

DOOMED

*A system is crumbling and tumbling once more,
As systems have crumbled and tumbled before,
Hark! can you hear the rumble and roar
Like the breaking of surf on a rock-riven shore.*

*A system is dying of age and decay,
The props that uphold it are rotting away,
A system is losing its terrible sway
O'er the minds of millions of workers today.*

*As clergy bow down to an altar of gold,
As pagans bowed down to idols of old,
Their hearts, like the hearts of the idols, are cold;
They've wandered afar from the Nazarene's fold*

*Labor omnipotent! Rise in your might!
Organized: disciplined, eager to fight;
Hasten the morning of Justice and Right,
And usher in Liberty's glorious light.*

HIS NAME:

*I go into the lumber camps
And log drives on the river;
In camp and mill I'm never still,
My message I deliver.*

*In mining and construction camps;
To migratory workers;
I preach my creed, the crying need
To do away with shirkers.*

*In sweatshop and in crowded slum
I'm restless as the ocean;
I'm not dead, I raise my head,
Where'er I take the notion.*

*Although oppression weighs me down,
I'll never, never perish;
In every clime, through endless time,
I'll live and thrive and flourish.*

*Perhaps you know who I am,
I'm known to every nation;
Each tribe and race have seen my face,
My name is AGITATION.*

"When Better Times Come Business Will Bring Them"

A very short story

By Walter Pfeffer

You can't kid Suzanne. She works for a big shot who has a big mouth while she has big ears.

She dropped in one Thursday afternoon—that's her day off—while some of us boondogglers were arguing whether this here depression was coming or going. We asked her straight which way it was.

She took out her knitting and says: "Both."

"Now Suzanne," said I, "that's no way to answer a straight forward question about whether this damned thing is going or coming."

"Well then," she says, "it's going."

"You mean Bill is going to get a job?" piped in the missus.

Suzanne went on with her knitting so complacently that it was downright annoying, and looking us menfolk over opined: "I wouldn't say for sure that Bill is, but I'd gamble that inside of two months two of these five bums will have an honest-to-god job."

Biff moved about a bit uneasy and wanted to know how she figured that out.

"Last night" she says, "His Nibs was arguing with his father-in-law. It was about that strike down at Creosoto Motors—the Old Man owns most of that. His Nibs was telling him to make some kind of a settlement, and the Old Man got furious—you know the old line about who got fifty cents an hour when he was a boy, and what's the world coming to. So His Nibs told him what it was coming to. He says: 'We've got to create some prosperity,' and the Old Man wanted to know if his daughter had married a New Deal Democrat. So His Nibs told him there was a lot of things they didn't own yet, and the only way to get hold of them was to make some prosperity sort of spread around generally.

"The Old Man said that was the most cock-eyed logic he'd ever listened to, and His Nibs told him how it's done. 'We make a boom,' he says 'and we tell the blooming world they can all get rich. We make contracts with the unions and perhaps even give them a bit now of what they'd get later anyway as business picks up, but

peg it with time agreements so they don't get so much—and then we make them all buy cars on the easy payment plan. And we'll sell real estate to those we can't clean otherwise, and tell everybody to be thrifty and not waste anything but invest it so as we can get it later, and we make everybody happy and lend them money, and give them mortgages, and take their notes, and keep selling them stock, and showing them all how much richer they are, and . . .

"Where do we come in at?" asks the Old Man. 'Why, when we've got it all sprung, and everybody so prosperous,' says His Nibs, 'we'll tell them that the one thing holding back prosperity is this boondoggling, and that all relief and PWA and WPA ought to be cut out, and taxes cut down, and have the editors and Little Orphan Annie explain to them that that wouldn't take anybody's bread away from them because if the government didn't take our money from us to put people on the payroll we'd have that much more to put them on a payroll where they'd stand a real chance to rise in the world, and when we get that through we'll talk about unsound credit structures, and money being loaned too freely to speculators, and put the screws on, and leave the suckers selling the stock to each other until we pick it up for nothing, along with everything else that we have a plaster on, and . . .

"Have the blamed government on your neck," says the Old Man, 'and have everybody raising Cain with us saying we're the ruination of the country. I want some peace in my old age.'

"The government won't be on our necks, it'll be in our pockets,' says His Nibs, 'and everybody'll be praising our generosity in picking everything up and saving the blooming country—and you know the only way to run anything is to run everything'."

"So they think they can do it just like that," says Biff.

"Oh, no" said Suzanne, "they're building higher fences around everything and putting juice in them."

“One Whale of a Difference - -”

It's less than one in five of the American Working Class that carries a card in any sort of a union. The aim of the I.W.W. quite naturally is to concentrate its organizational efforts on the four out of five who “belong to nothing”. But meanwhile one can't help reflect occasionally on what a whale of a difference it would make if the one out of five that is organized, was organized right, the I.W.W. way.

For instance take this movie strike. If it had been organized in Recreational Workers Industrial Union No. 630 we wouldn't have this separate bargaining of some twenty crafts in the first place. We would have one union of all engaged in the making of motion pictures to fight out the issue. And if it came to a strike under such circumstances, we wouldn't have to ask the public to refrain from going to the movies—the workers in the motion picture palaces just wouldn't show any pictures if the union decided to fight the movie magnates from that end of the line. Under such circumstances

there probably wouldn't be any movie strike in the first place.

Or consider our solidarity with our fellow workers in Spain. If transport workers were organized as they should be, taking I.W.W. direct action on the issue, would any supplies get to Franco? In fact would the Loyalist have run short of supplies? In fact would the fascist rebellion have ever got to first base?

Of course, with a start of several million I.W.W. members, the labor movement wouldn't have stood static at the proportion that it has roughly maintained to the working class at large over these last several years. It would have become truly a One Big Union of the Working Class. And we'll gamble that with that sort of a start, instead of us wondering how to win strikes, we would be putting across labor's own planned economy of abundance in mighty short order.

Why bother with substitutes? The I.W.W. is what is needed.

I. W. W. PREAMBLE

THE working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

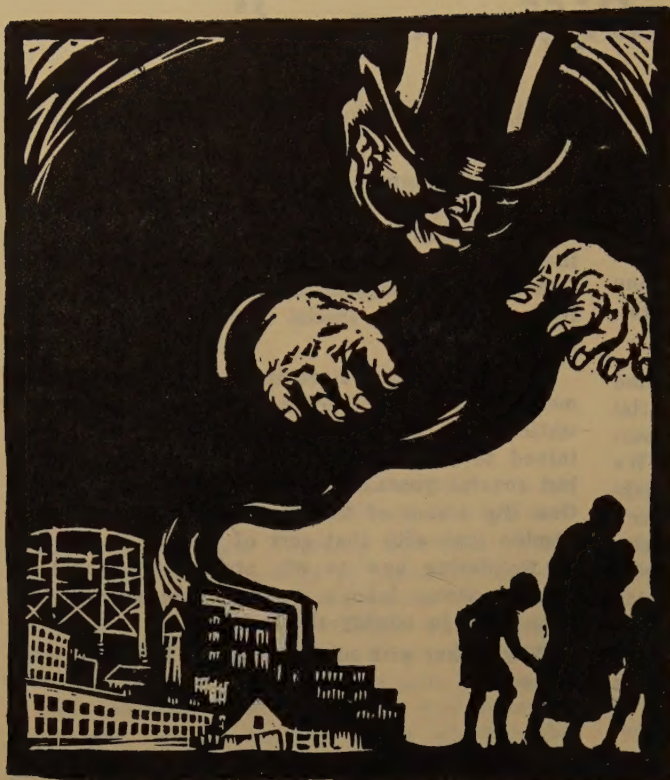
Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, “A fair day's wage for a fair day's work”, we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, “Abolition of the wage system.”

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



What of the Coming Generation?

That great glory of capitalism, the labor of children is not yet ended. In the fields of agriculture, in the street trades of the newsboy and the boot-black, even in many a manufacturing industry, and in the sweatshop work done at home, the labor of children still goes on for the enrichment of bankers, and publishers, and the other worthy citizens who preach morality to the community at large while they ride on the backs of mere kids.

* * *

The great menace that hovers over children is not merely that they are exploited, that they are working when they should be playing, that the earnings of their parents deprive them of the proper food to give them the right start in life. The failure of the older generation to organize in revolutionary industrial unions menaces this coming generation with even greater handicaps, and puts even greater obstacles in the way of their receiving the heritage that should be theirs.

What is to go to this rising generation? We do not ask how many sticks and pieces of green paper can you pile up to bequeath your own progeny—we ask in what shape will this world be left to come after you? Will the insane exploitation of our natural resources have left the forest a waste and the fertile prairies a desert? Will the capitalist code of operating only for profit have left the mines flooded, and the physical equipment of production a menace to those who work with it?

It is bad enough to leave a social revolution as a task for this coming generation that should have been performed by our own, without adding to it the almost insuperable burden of restoring the potential productivity of the world they take over.

What are the social conditions under which they are to struggle? Do you expect them to do what you hesitated to undertake under a scheme of enabling civil liberties, under the handicaps of some fascist dictatorship? What do you leave them to undertake the struggle with? A "labor movement" over which the members exercise no control? A set of union racketeers fighting with each other like Kilkenny cats for the rake-off? An assortment of "radical" political parties that have discarded all radicalism in opportunistic subservience to the "big shots" that they know well to be the greatest enemies of labor? Are you priming them for the struggle with the prompting that each should look for himself and the devil take the hindmost?

You might do something to make up for all this by sending some of labor's kids to the summer courses at Work People's College this summer. (You can get full information by writing to Box 39, Morgan Park Station, Duluth, Minn.) But to live up to your responsibilities properly, it is time to build for them what they need above all else—One Big Revolutionary Union of the Entire Working Class.

That Five Day Week Some Have It - Why Not All?

The Saturdays and Sundays that a workingman spends at the beach, picnicking with his families and friends—the sunshine—the fresh air—the beauties of nature—the good fellowship—the rest and relaxation of two days spent anywhere away from work—these are truly part of the good things of life. When they are had and enjoyed they are ours, and by no scheming and conniving can they be taken away, by taxes or price increases or any other maneuvers of the employers from whom we escape when we have the five-day week.

* * *

The shorter working day and the shorter working week for these reasons are among the most substantial gains of labor. They constitute the sort of gains that enable us to work to live instead of living to work. The five-day week should be made standard in all industries.

* * *

With 1929 production levels, but with millions still jobless and millions more working either for Uncle Sam or in private industry only because of the “make work” expenditures of Uncle Sam, it is time for shorter hours, shorter working weeks, higher wages.

Shorter hours make for higher wages. Two men looking for one job put the wages down. One job looking for two men puts the wages up. The fight for a shorter working week is an intelligent



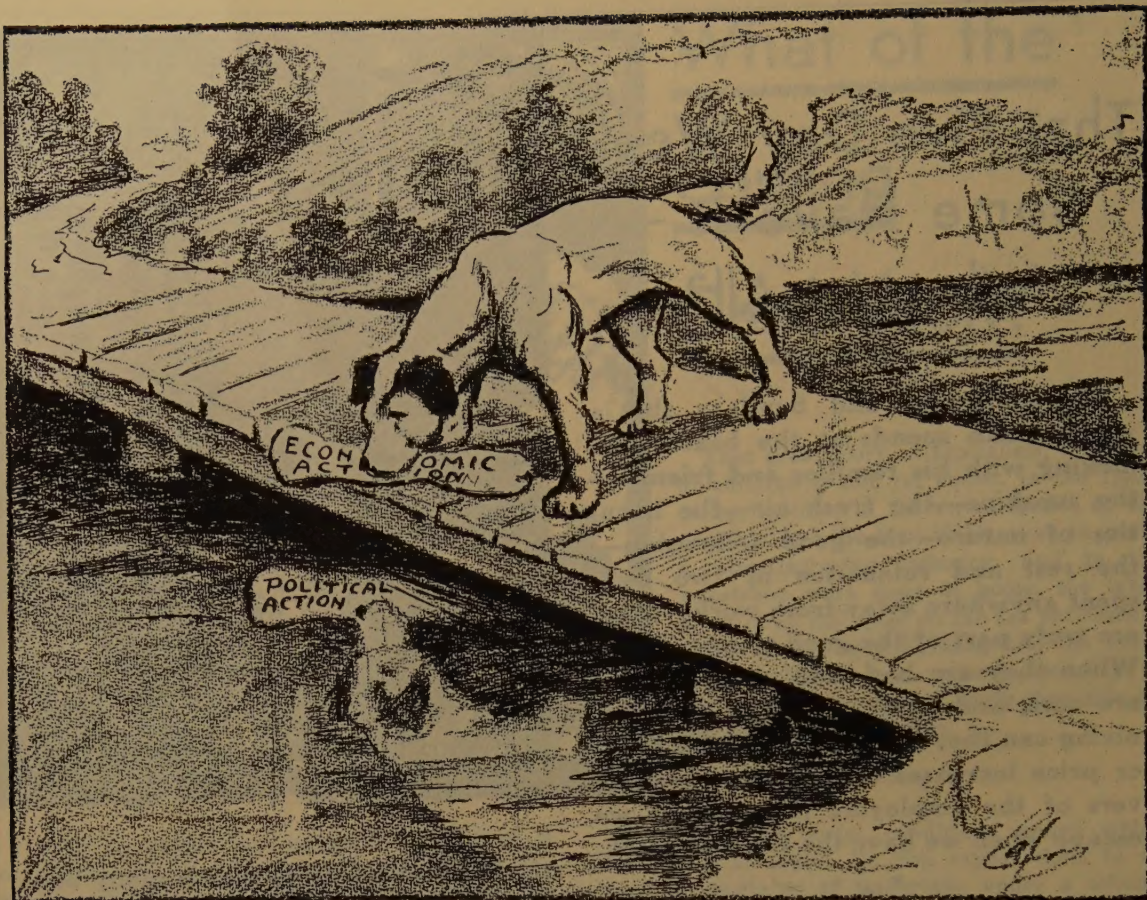
course of action from which many benefits can flow. It tends to raise the standard of living, the cultural level, the intelligence of our class as well as the wages that we receive.

* * *

The five-day week has been achieved in various industries already. Let's battle to win it in the rest. Let's go ahead to make the six-hour day and the five-day week the minimum standard everywhere with conditions still better where we can achieve them.

* * *

The five-day week is practical, economically sound, and socially necessary. To make it general in all industries requires the effective organization of One Big Union of the workers in all industries. The I.W.W. is such a union, and the only such union—Make It Grow!



He Dropped a Bone to Seize Its Image

It was a fine juicy bone that Fido had in his mouth—but that one in the water was even bigger and juicier.

So he dropped the bone in his mouth and went after the one in the water.

The current took his bone away, leaving not even a smell by which he could recapture it, while he struggled in the water with a phantom dog to get a bone that somehow he could never reach.

* * *

A workingman produced many times what he got as wages, and often had no work and no wages at all as the result of it. When he worked he worked long hours with his boss bawling him out. When he didn't work he stayed in a mean shack where his wife bawled him out because she had no new dresses.

He listened to an I.W.W. organizer who was so honest that he said he could do nothing for working people because they were the only people who could do anything for themselves—that they had all the power there is on the face of the earth. All that they needed was to organize this power.

Then along came a great friend of labor who promised him laws, and more judges, and bigger and fatter and better judges, and justice and emancipation.

The workingman grabbed at the promises—and he still works long hours for a domineering boss who pays him so little that most of the time he and his fellow workers are home getting bawled out by their wives because they haven't bought them a new dress yet.

Don't be like the dog that has been the symbol of folly ever since Aesop, the hunch-back slave, wrote about him 2500 years ago. Organize the real power that you and your fellow workers have by building the I.W.W.